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Poetry.

For the Blade.

VIOLETS.

J. K. GILKEY.

Neath the grasses of the meadows,
Hiding timidly from sight,
Mingled flecks of light and shadow,
Grow the violets, blue and white.

Like a sea the meadow seemeth,
Whose repose no ripple mars,
And whose liquid mirror gleameth
With the imagery of stars.

Two dear eyes I know, whose beaming,
Floods my hearts' depth thro' and thro';
Stars, in love's clear azure gleaming
With a radiance, strong and true.

Joy of all my joys completed!
Dear blue eyes with love aglow,
Violets of the world, needless,
That in all the world I know.

JEANNETTE'S HAIR.

MILES O'REILLEY.

O, loosen the curls that you wear, Jeannette,
Let me tangle my hand in your hair, my pet,
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white.

It was brown, with a golden gloss, Jeannette,
It was finer than the silk of floss, my pet,
'Twas a tress to be kissed, and petted, and jewelled, and prized,
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Jeannette,
It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Jeannette,
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet;
They were gray, with the shattered tinge of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched your golden hair.

And your lips—but I have no words, Jeannette,
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young and the roses are wet
With the dewdrops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your gold-brown hair, my pet.

O, you tangled my life in your hair, Jeannette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet,
That no earthly bondage, I say would dial implore,
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Jeannette,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet,
In the waves of desolate years I mean,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

Our Story Teller.

For the Blade.

"On The Banks o' Loch Cairn"

BY MAY E. SNOW.

It was an old appearing little figure that came slowly tottering down the pathway, the halting foot steps, stayed by the cane grasped in both trembling hands. She was arrayed in a short quilted kirtle, and a snowy kerchief was crossed in smooth even folds over her bosom.

The sun, a great red ball of fire, was sinking behind a dark bank of clouds just above the horizon. Two lilac bushes met in an arch over the gateway, and the air was filled with the perfume of the masses of pink and white blossoms. It was the first day of the month of flowers, but the lady's merry making had filled poor Grannie MacPherson's heart with saddened memories of the day's past anniversaries, spent amid the broom and heather on the slopes of her native Scotch hills.

Seventy long years had passed since she bade good-bye to the heather and bluebells that grew on the mossy banks of Loch Cairn, and came with her two sons to America, where already, they had found precious homes for themselves and families. Not without many a great heartache, and sad misgivings did she yield to the entreaties to leave her old home, and go with them to share theirs, in the new world, but her life's companion slept in the quiet kirkyard, and it was but natural that her two sons, Donald and Robert, should claim the right to have her in her old age, by counseling herself with that thought that it would not be long at the most, and that heaven would be as near in America, she bravely hid her own feelings and came with them. The boys (men past the prime of life) were loving and kind, and their families united in welcoming and caring for the lonely mother who had given them from over the sea. She felt and appreciated their kindness, but, notwithstanding, sometimes, the painful, homesick longing for home was almost more than the poor, tired heart could bear, and to-night this feeling was strong upon her, as she gazed, with tear-dimmed eyes up into the starry heavens that, just as bright, looked down upon far distant Auchdown parish.

In youth the heart is like a young and tender vine whose clinging tendrils may be untwined and taught to wind themselves anew about new surroundings, but in old age the human heart clings, and will not let go, all familiar things, and the scenes and associations we have known and loved when life was freshest and happiest, seem a little nearer and dearer than any others when life's sun is slanting to the west.

Back, back, over the space of the years, to-night, went memory, and Grannie forgot that the night air was cold and damp, that she would be missed and sought for; forgot all, save the aching pain in her heart, and the hopeless longing to lay her tired head upon a low green mound, in the shadow of the kirk near blue Loch Cairn. 'Why, O why, had she even left it, but the lads meant kindly,' she thought, 'and both had gone to heaven before her.'

The time of waiting seemed so long, so very long. Would the end never come, when she would find her loved ones again. Such were her thoughts, when Margie reached the gate, Margie and her husband, Frank.

"Here is'nt Grannie, waiting to welcome us!" she cried, and then two warm, loving arms were clasped around the little woman and warm kisses were pressed upon each faded cheek. "Crying, Grannie! What is it?" Tell Margie, won't you?

"I ken it maun be foolish, but my heart, 'it is sae weary, and sae wae,' wi' the longing for a sight a' the auld hame, I could na help it!"

She had never meant to say so much, had never meant to complain or repine, but there, beneath the lilacs, the pent up feelings relieved themselves, and both her companions listened with sympathy.

Tenderly supported on either side, they led her into the house, and it was Margie's first home-coming since she had been a bride, six months before.

Exclamations of surprise and delight greeted the travelers, and grannie crept away to her own quiet corner, but her heart had been warmed and cheered by loving words and the clinging kisses. Margie's was one of those rare, bright souls, that warm and brighten all about them, and none could ever resist her sunny spell.

"Oh, girls!" she exclaimed, when the clamor had subsided, and something like order had been restored, "just try and guess what good fortune has befallen me, and what brought us home in such a hurry."

"I give it up," said her sister Angie, "I thought you imagined that all good fortune possible had fallen to your lot, when you became Mrs. Earl."

"The very best had," replied Margie, glancing proudly at Frank's manly figure across the room, "But this is something more. You see, the firm that Frank is with have some business that must be attended to personally at Edinburgh, and they have resolved to send him, and have given him a few weeks of absence for flight seeing."

"And," bursted in Belle, "he is going to take his wife with him! How I envy you! Why did I not capture a rising attorney, and so come in for some of the windfalls!"

"Frank says," went on Margie, without heeding the interruption, "that we will go straight to Edinburgh, and go Scotland, and then south to some and Florence, and I shall be able to copy some of the old masters! You have always said that I had talent; now we shall see! It seems to me that it must be a special Providence, and no one knows what it may mean for me."

Margie was the gifted one of the family, and had rather disappointed Belle and Angie when she chose love in a cottage in preference to what they fondly believed the highway to fame.

The trip abroad was the one absorbing theme of conversation. Every one grew excited, and gave directions that would have needed an older and more experienced lawyer's head than Frank's to carry out, while Grannie sat silently in her corner, listening and smiling in reply to Margie's little bursts of rapture.

"It won't be much out of our way, Frank, and we must surely spend a day at Auchdown, for Grannie's sake. I know she will want to know just how it looks, when we come back." She glanced at her grandmother as she spoke, and gave a little start as she read the patient yearning in the wrinkled face and sad eyes. Across the room her glance traveled to her husband's face. His eyes were fixed upon granny's face, and then they looked at his wife. Their eyes met. The same thought was in the mind of each.

Soon after the family separated for the night. The moment she was alone Margie turned to her husband.

"Shall we?" said he.

"Can we?" she questioned, in the same breath.

"Perhaps," said Frank, thoughtfully, "but if we do our trip can extend no further than Scotland. Could you endure the disappointment, little wife?"

Margie nodded. "Yes, Frank; I think I could.

"You could give up Florence, Rome and all the rest, and spend the whole time at Auchdown?"

"Yes."

"Bless the loving little girl! I wish I was a rich man for your sake. You should not give up one pleasure if I could help it."

"Never mind the riches, dear; I have you and I know a sight of granny's face will repay us for all the self-denial."

They talked over the new plan, and before they went to sleep it was fully settled that the trip abroad should be confined to Scotland, and that Grannie McPherson should accompany them.

Sex morning Margie calmly announced the new intention, and as she fully expected, met with a perfect storm of expostulations.

"It is flying right in the face of Providence," declared Belle, "and who ever heard of such a crazy idea! Why Grannie is past ninety, and I don't believe she will care a fig to go. I know she would much rather stay at home, where she is quiet and comfortable."

"I think you are both fit candidates for the lunatic asylum," said Angie, "and I know mamma will never consent, for Grannie can never stand the fatigue of the journey."

"Of course," said Frank, "we shall consult Doctor Kirkley before we mention the subject to Grannie; but I hardly think he will disapprove, for rest, traveling at the present day is nothing like it was even twenty years ago."

Well, the end was, that ten days later, a noble steamer went proudly out of New York harbor, and upon her deck were three figures; a tall young man and a rosy little woman, his wife, and yes, the third person was none other than Grannie MacPherson.

The trio soon attracted attention, and then, when Grannie's story was told, a wonderful interest was aroused, and the other passengers vied with each other, in paying her little attentions. The easiest chair and the softest cushions were always ready for her, and the warmest, piesantest spot on deck was always reserved for her use.

The weather, during the voyage, was delightful, and Grannie spent much of her time on deck and would sit for hours, gazing eastward, with a look of such perfect rapture in her eyes, that in speaking of her the old captain said once:

"If the old lady was booked straight through to Heaven, I don't think she could seem happier." She bore the voyage wonderfully well, and when they reached Liverpool, although Frank thought perhaps it would be prudent to halt for a day or two, she said "No." She felt able to go on, and two days later, they saw the setting sun across Loch Cairn.

Frank could only remain with them over night, but he found lodgings for them in the house that had been Grannie's childhood home. Its occupants remembered the old lady, and kindly made the party welcome.

Frank left them in the morning, and the days of his absence passed quietly away. The two left behind spent the pleasant, sunny hours, mostly out of doors; sometimes down beside the water, sometimes in the quaint old garden, but Grannie loved the high-up hill best, and was often noticed the strange American lady supporting her feeble companion in their walk among the green graves, or resting upon the old gray stone steps. Who shall describe the feelings with which Grannie revisited each old, familiar spot, almost the same as she left it twenty years before! The hearty greetings of the long years grew satisfied at last. She never mentioned the returning to America, and Margie, unwilling to cast any cloud over her happiness, was silent also.

His business at Edinburg completed, Frank rejoined the two at Auchdown, and "Will as he also knew Margie, he could not help wondering a little at her contentment in spending the whole of the brief holiday in the little valley.

"Shall we leave ner soon enough to spend a day or two in London?" he asked one evening as they sat enjoying the sunset from the stone doorstep. "I should dearly love to visit the tower and see some of the famous sights, Frank, but I cannot bear to take Grannie away from here before I have to. You go to London alone and then you can tell me all about it."

"No, indeed; we will see London together when we do see it, and this shall not be your last trip abroad, little woman."

Margie smiled. "All right, and we won't mind waiting."

They went for a short walk, Grannie leaning on Frank's strong arm. They paused on a little knlol overlooking the placid lake. "See, Frank," cried Maggie, "Isn't this a lovely view; with the old church and the hills in the background? I made a little sketch of it the other day which I mean to finish when we get home."

"Ye maun soon be ganging," said Grannie, gently, "I have been very happy here. May the guid Lord bless your kindly hearts, wi' his and dear love! It dinna seem that he ever meant that I maun gang away again."

Slowly they went back to the cottage. At the threshold Grannie paused, and as Margie and her husband stood on the steps below, she laid a hand on each young head:

"I am weary, and shall rest. God bless and keep you for aye. Guid nicht, my bonnie bairns." So she left them, and late when Margie stole in to see her, she lay resting as she had said, a smile lighting up the calm old face. She did not waken as usual in the morning, and when Margie bent over her, she found the same position; but the peace of Heaven was in her face and the patient heart was at rest forever.

They laid her to rest near the spot she had loved so well beside that other mound, in the shadow of the old gray kirk. Margie stood weeping softly by the mound of fresh earth.

"It is the best ending, Margie," said Frank, gently, "and the one she had chosen. She was right, I think; and God never meant that she should leave Auchdown again."

"Yes," said Margie, through her tears, "it is best so, and how wondrous His ways are! All our lives, Frank, we shall be glad that it was given to us to make her happy at the last."

The leave of absence was almost ended, and there was only time for a brief glimpse of London before embarking for home. The letter telling of Grannie's death had preceded them, and even Belle listened reverently when Margie told the story of the end.

"Oh, girls, you all thought us so foolish, but I can never be thankful enough that everything came round just as it did. It was not even sad, but only seemed right, that she should go home to die."

Margie has never found the opportunity again to visit Florence, and has lost all ambition to copy the old masters; but on the walls of their pleasant home hangs one picture, which, Frank says, money could not buy. It is nothing wonderful, only a bit of Scottish scenery. A glimpse of a lake, reflecting a sunset sky and mist-crowned hills. A burial place, with here and there a bit of gleaming white marble and a quaint stone church, ivy-wreated and gray, and in its shadow not one but two grass-grown mounds.

Beneath the picture Margie's hand has written:

"On the banks of Loch Cairn."

Humor.

FOOLING AN ENGLISHMAN.

How the Festive Californians Deluded a "Blarsted Britisher."

In the Ralston days, when Belmont was in its glory and its profuse hospitality was the talk of the country, a young Englishman of title called upon the banker with letters of introduction from the American minister in London, an old friend of Ralston. Of course, he was invited to Belmont. He had come to San Francisco around the "Horn," and, like many of his order and nationality, had made up his mind not to be surprised at anything he saw in this country.

"Rather a fine place, you know," he remarked to Ralston, as his host "tooted" him down to Belmont; "but some of our fellows who were out here have told the most outrageous stories, you know, about California—your bears and immense regattas, and all that sort of thing—so I have determined to keep my eyes open. I imagine you know, that they have been hoaxed. By gad, Mr. Ralston, I have been all over the world, and it would take a pretty wide-awake fellow to hoax me, don't you know?"

During this conversation, Mr. Ralston registered a mental oath that if money or influence could produce that wide awake fellow, he would be forthcoming before the termination of that nobleman's visit. At Belmont were assembled a few choice spirits. Leaving his guest in charge of one of them, Ralston at once called a council of war.

"This Englishman must be fooled," he said. "Now let us put our heads together and give him something to talk about when he returns to the London clubs."

The private wire was busy that evening, and a close carriage was sent to meet the next train. No expense was spared to make the Britisher's stay in every sense delightful.

When Ralston and his guests sauntered into the dining room, the Englishman opened his eyes and stared in bewildered astonishment at the table service. And well he might. The bottles were of that colossal size, holding half gallons, which the beer and wine men use for advertising purposes.

"Now, by Jove, you Californians must be a thirsty lot," said the Englishman. "I never saw such bottles in my life."

"Oh, nonsense," said Ralston, "don't you have that size in England? They used to have them when I lived there many years ago."

"That size! great heavens, no!"

"Well, here goes, anyhow. Peter, some champagne;" and the butler, with impressive face, opened a half gallon bottle of fizz. The cork going off like the explosion of a rifle. As the dinner progressed, the guests plied the Britisher with the most marvelous tales of the lawlessness of the country; the bears, lions and antelope that roamed the neighboring hills, and everything, in fine, that the most fan astic imagination could invent. It was arranged to have the house attacked that night by outlaws, but they feared the lord might get suspicious, so that scheme was abandoned. A deer hunt was decided upon for the next morning, and a fishing party for the afternoon.

The party were out before daybreak, and the lord was stationed near a milk ranch, and instructed not to stir until one of the hunters came to fetch him. When he was properly planted, the others returned to the house, for the hunting grounds were not a mile away, and amused themselves until noon with laying new plans for the delectation of their victim. Meanwhile, though the poor foreigner did not see a deer, he heard shots about him, at intervals, and when he was informed that the run was over, and that there would be no more shooting that day, was taken back to the house.

"I am awfully sorry you did not have better luck," said Ralston when the disgusted Britisher met him at dinner. "Our party did fairly, you see," and he pointed to the carcasses of half a dozen deer lying on the plazza, which had arrived that day from the market by the morning train.

"Didn't you really get a shot? Confess, now, you blazed away at a stag or two, and missed 'em."

"Stag! I assure you, my dear fellow, I didn't see a single beast," protested the mortified nobleman.

"Well, never mind, never mind," said his host; "we'll see how the fishing pans out.

The fishing took place in a pond near the house. But while every one pulled out trout, salmon, bass and even rock cod, not a fish came near the Englishman's hook, though he angled with the most industrious persistence. Of course, the San Francisco fish market had been gutted to permit the supply, and so cleverly were the fish attached to the hooks and hauled into the boats with shouts and splashings that his lordship had not the faintest idea that he was being most unmercifully hoaxed. The rock cod staggered him a little, but Ralston explained this by the statement that the lake was connected with the ocean by a subterranean stream. When every fantastical thing had been exhausted, Ralston accompanied his victim to the city, and saw him homeward bound.

"By jove, Mr. Ralston, you have a wonderful country," said the Britisher, as he bid his host good-by. "I tell you it will open the eyes of these fellows at home when I give them a history of this visit."—*San Francisco Post.*

Needed More Than One.

"John, do you remember when we used to swing on my father's front gate?"

"Yes, Maria, I do."

"And the moon used to look so beautiful, John."

"It did, Maria."

"And the stars were so bright."

"They were."

"I wonder if the moon is so beautiful and the stars just as bright now as they were then, John?"

"I presume they are, Maria,"

"Then why can't we swing on the front gate now and look at the moon and the stars and the blue night skies, with their fleecy clouds, as we used to do then?"

"We can, Maria, if we wan't to."

"Then, John, let us go out to the front gate for awhile and see if it will seem anything like it used to."

"All right, Maria. You go out and try it awhile, and if you like it maybe I'll take a turn at it."

But Maria thought him too much of a brute to do anything of the kind.

He Had Something.

Jones—So you say your daughter is going to be married?

Smith—Yes, the wedding will take place next week.

Jones—Has the young man got any money?

Smith—Not a cent.

Jones—I am surprised at your permitting her to accept him, if he hasn't got anything.

Smith—He has got something. He has a clean character, a good education, a clear conscience, a good physique, and, up to her death, was a devoted son to his widowed mother. Ain't that something.

Jones—You are right; your daughter is to be congratulated.—*Boston Courier.*

A Good Retort.

Two ladies arrived in Buffalo last Sunday on a visit to some relatives, and one tells the following amusing incident which occurred while they were en route over the Niagara branch of the Michigan Central, her companion being the victim. A diminutive boy was endeavoring to please the passengers and get a few pennies by singing comic songs in the car. When he had finished and was passing along the aisle with outstretched palm, making his collections, the lady in question said to him: "Don't you know it's wicked to sing songs on Sunday?" The youngster looked at her for a second and, with a twinkle of his black eyes, replied: "Don't you think it's wicked to travel on Sunday?" The passengers roared and no more questions were asked.—*Buffalo Courier.*

She Meant Well.

Young Hoyne avenue wife to husband—Oh, Charley, I made a lovely purchase for you to-day.

Young husband—Necktie?

Young wife—And I got them so cheap, too—such a lovely bargain.

Young husband—Suspenders?

Young wife—And it is such a saving, too—so much cheaper than you are in the habit of getting them for.

Young husband (reading answer in the stars)—Unlona.

Young wife (convulsed with laughter)—What a poor guesser you are, Charley. Just think of it; I bought a whole box of cigars for $1, and they're such lovely ones, too.

Young husband (returning to his paper)—I thought so.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE NEW TEACHER.

How Bennie Tried His Mettle, and Came to Grief.

Bennie Gibbs is one of the daring, venturesome boys in my memory of school days. His pa was a school director, and consequently Bennie defied the teachers in the Gibbs school to an extent that made him heroic in our eyes. It was always understood that Bennie was to test every new teacher, to see how much "sass" he would take before he broke out and left the reservation. One time old Mr. Grayson was sick, and a substitute took the school for a few weeks. The substitute was a mild-looking man, of middle age, somewhat bald, with a thin neck, sandy complexion, meek voice and padlock whiskers. Not a boy of us was afraid of such a looking man as that; still, Bennie Gibbs, as usual, took the field for a reconnoisance the first morning. First he dropped a book on the floor. Then he dropped his slate. Then he pushed the big dictionary off the table. Then he whispered. Then he left his seat without permission. Then he slammed the door like an earthquake when he went into the recitation room. Then he whistled once. Then he mewed softly, like a cat. Then he whined like a dog. Then he said "ma'am?" very loudly and pertly when the new teacher spoke to him very mildly, and we all laughed ourselves tired. Then Bennie coughed like an old man. Then it was time for recess, and the new teacher then looked at his watch and told us to put away our books and then he tiptoed meekly down the aisle to Bennie Gibbs' seat. Bennie by both shoulders and churned him up and down for a while and then he shook him until Bennie's hair began to fly out and then he bent over the shrinking lad and wore out an ebony ruler on him. Then he said, in a meek, timid way, "The school may have recess," and touched the bell for us to go out. We walked like lambs walking to their own executions. When Bennie Gibbs could command his feelings he said: "Boys, there's one point beyond which it ain't safe to go with this fellow, but he's so sneakin' mean about it you can't tell whether it's droppin' the grammar or sayin' 'ma'am,' but it's somewhere along in that list." That night Mr. Gibbs went to see the new teacher about it and that meek man beat him with a chair leg until he had to be put to bed. You never saw such a man. He wasn't afraid of anybody. One day he put the president of the board of Education out of the school room because he criticised the way the new man taught long division. This teacher, whose name was Moses H. Meeker, went into the Union army soon after the war broke out, and when one of our old boys, George Slocum, a Missouri boy, who had gone into the rebel army and was serving under Price, heard that Meeker was in Grierson's Cavalry, he deserted and came North and shot off three fingers of his right hand to avoid the draft. He said as soon as he heard that old Meeker had enlisted he knew the South had no chance. Meeker is a preacher now. He has been preaching in the same church for eighteen years and nevdr had but one row with the choir. That was the first Sunday he preached, and they say that now, if he ordered that choir to sing the long meter doxology to "Amsterdam" or "Silver Street," they'd do it if it burst the organ.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Dan Mc[illegible]ont's "Oh!"

"Daniel," remarked the President this morning, as he sat at his desk with two or three political almanacs and several tables of last year's figures spread out before him.

"Yes, sire," replied Daniel, who was pasting an editorial from the New York *Times* into the Presidential scrap book.

"The election is in progress to-day, I believe?"

"Yes, sire."

"I remember it because I have $500 on it, Daniel."

"Yes, sire."

"Do you think we will win, Daniel?"

"We, sire?" inquired Daniel, upsetting the paste pot on the scrap book.

"I said 'we,' Daniel."

"To whom do you refer by 'we,' sire?"

"The Democratic party, of course, Daniel," said the President, a little sharply.

"Oh!"

And Daniel slapped the scrap book shut and went out of the room with a pernicious activity that surprised and shocked the President.—*Washington Critic.*

The Badly Mixed Heathen.

Disheartened missionary, returning to his field after years of absence: "Oh, unhappy man, you have lapsed into error and darkness and paganism again!" Chief heathen, apologetically: "Well, you see, when you were away a Catholic missionary came along and told us the bad place was full of Methodists, and so he scared us into his communion; then he went away and a Presbyterian came along and waked us up on Regeneration, Adoption and Election and we joined his church; then an Episcopalian came and he burned our Westminsters and stocked up on prayer-books; then he left and a Baptist landed and walked us into the water and baptized us right, and we'd just about got settled when a New Congregationalist came over and told us that so long as we were heathen we had a dead sure thing of going to heaven, but if we became Christians we had to walk mighty straight or go to the everlasting bonfire. So we ate him up, burned our bibles and resumed business at the old stand. Boys, put the parson in the cage and fat him up for Thanksgiving day."—*Bob Burdette.*

Life in Chicago.

"Papa has got his appetite back again, hasn't he, mamma?" asked a Leavitt street five-year-old the other day.

"I'm afraid not, my child?" replied the good mother. "He didn't eat anything today. But why do you ask?"

"Cause I heard him tell Mr. Brown that he came home fuller'n a goat last night. I didn't know but—"

"Run along into the next room like a good little girl. I think I hear your papa coming now, and mamma wishes to speak to him."

A sallowed-faced man with green spectacles boarded a grip car at the corner of State and Adams streets yesterday afternoon. The palpitating motion of the car seemed to please the passenger, for when he reached Harmon court he turned to the man sitting behind him and exclaimed:

"Now, sir, I'm at home."

"Where are you from?" asked the man to whom the conversation was addressed.

"Charleston," was the significant reply.—*Chicago Herald.*

Wanted to be a Wizard.

The advance agent of barn-storming Wizard had just landed in the country editor's office.

"I want an ad. in your paper," he said.

"What for?" asked the editor.

"For the greatest and only living prestidigitateur. He can do anything and everything, change water into wine and wine into water. Take a twenty-dollar note out of a cat's mouth; take a ten out of a turnip; take a fiver out of a man's hat every time he puts his hand in, and so on."

"Do all that, can he?" queried the editor.

"You bet he can, and not half try."

"Can he take a dollar out of an editor's pocket?"

"Course he can; a hundred of them, for that matter."

"Well, he's the man I'm looking for, and if he will teach me how I can do it, I'll be darned if he can't have his ad. in every column of my newspaper, free, and I'll get out a supplement besides."

Fairly Witted, But Bad Mannered.

There was a meeting of the preachers of Lynchburg, Va., and when it was breaking up Dr. John Hannon could not find his hat. Turning to Rev R. R. Acree, he said, "One of you Baptists has my hat." "Then," said brother Acree, "your hat has more brains in it than ever before." A few days after that Dr. Hannon was passing by Brother Acree's yard-gate and, when urged to come in, said, "I am on my way to preach." "You can't preach," replied Brother Acree. "So I felt for a long time," replied Dr. Hannon, "but, since hearing you the other day I have changed my mind."

His Liquid Speech.

A New Yorker in Boston called a carriage and told the driver to take him to "Whisky Straight." "I don't know any such place," said the driver. "Don't know where it is? It's somewhere near Boston," was the response. "There's certainly no place of that name about here," asserted the driver. "Well," returned the nonplussed New Yorker, "it's something like that name, anyway. It's some straight drink." "Oh," exclaimed the driver, "perhaps it is Jamaica Plain!' and he hit it right.—*Boston Post.*

FUN ABOUT THE JUDGE.

A Glimpse of Life Way Down in Arkansas.

Arkansas Traveler.

'Lias Bugson, the hue of whose complexion has gained for the old man the nickname of Pitch, came to the city some time ago and called upon a lawyer.

"You want a divorce, I suppose," said the lawyer, when 'Lias entered.

"Dat's it, sah; but how did yer guess it?"

"Well, there is such a rush for divorces that I thought you might belong to the crowd. They all come to me. Upon what grounds will you apply for a divorce?"

"'Zertion."

"Desertion, eh?"

"Dat's it. Now, how much yer gwine charge me?"

"I won't be hard on you. I'll take the case for $10."

"An' not charge me nothin' lessen yer git the 'vorce?"

"Oh, I'll have to charge you any way."

'Lias, after a moment's reflection, replied:

"I kain' go inter sich er trade ez dat. It's too hindin' on merse'f."

"Are you sure that you can prove desertion?"

"Jes ez sho ez I is dat I'se libin'."

"Well, if I gain the case give me $10; if not, you needn't give me anything."

"I kain' like it's sorter too much on yer own side yit. Now, lemme tell yer. I'se er sort o' biznix pusson, an' I'll 'gree ter dis fack wid yer. Ef I prove 'zertion an' yer den doan git de 'vorce, yer mus' gin me $5, an' if yer does git it, I'll gin yer ten. Mine, now, dat ef I kain' prube de 'zertion I doan claim nuthin'."

"Willful desertion?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, I believe I'll take that."

"All right, sah, les put de money up."

The money was given to a stake holder, and the bill for divorce was filed. When the trial came on the lawyer, whispering to his client, said: "You'd better make a statement, and then let the witnesses be introduced."

"I doan b'lebe de witnesses is o' any use."

"Why?"

"'Case de cou't'll take my word."

The lawyer laughed. The negro was called upon to make a statement.

"Genermen, to dis heah cou't," said he "I said dat dar wa'nt no use in witnesses, case de cou't would take my word. Mr. Lawyer, I said dat I'd prube 'zertion in dis case, didn' I?"

"Yes."

"Uh huh, dat's whut I said, and I'll do it."

"Introduce a witness," said the judge.

"No use, jedge."

"Why?"

"'Case I knows dat I 'zerted de lady."

"You deserted her?"

"Yas, sah. Said dat I'd prube 'zertion. Er haw, haw, stakeholder, gin me mer $5."

The Judge, after hearing an explanation of the arrangement, said: "Give him the $5."

"Thankee, Jedge," said the negro when he had received the money. "Thankee, sah. Yer see, I wuz outer 'ployment, an' knowin' dat dis heah lawyer is allus airter niggers ter git 'vorces, I thought I'd work him er little."

"You didn't want a divorce, I suppose," said Judge.

"Bless yer soul, no, sah. Dar ain't no nigger in de country dat's got er better lady den I has."

"And you were merely playing with the court?"

"Dat's all, sah. Er haw, haw! Oh, dar's er heap er fun er bout dis ole nigger."

"Mr. Clerk," said the Judge, "enter up a fine of $50 against Mr. 'Lias Bugson."

"Good Lawd, Jedge; what fur?"

"For playing with the court. Oh," mimicking the negro, "dar's er heap er fun er bout dis old Jedge."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

INNOCUOUS DESUETUDE."

The True History of the Origin of the Famous Term.

"Grover," said the mistress of the White House, interrupting her liege lord at his desk, "are you really the author of that now famous phrase, 'innocuous desuetude?'"

"Why do you ask, my dear?" answered the President, smilingly looking up from his work.

"Because," replied his wife, "I have taken particular pains to note in all the books I have read any passage or phrase from which the words might have been culled, but I have found none, and I am nearly convinced that you are the author."

"Well, my dear," answered the President, "I wish to ask you this question. Did you ever in reading a book observe two words used near each other that impressed you as strong and expressive, and the combination of which originated a phrase that was strikingly terse and at the same time new to you?"

"Never," answered Mrs. Cleveland, interestedly.

"Well, I have," continued the President, and if you will go to the library and on the second shelf above and in the same position as your 'Locke's Essays on the Understanding,' you will find a novel, written by Bulwer Lytton, entitled, 'What Will He Do with It?' Please bring it here." Mrs. Cleveland immediately did so.

"Now," said the President, "please turn to the last chapter in book fourth, and you will find this sentence: 'Jasper Lasely sat secure, innocuous and profoundly miserable.' In this sentence (the first and last part of which is equally applicable to Republican office-holders and Democratic office-seekers) the word innocuous struck me, and reading along to Chap. IV., Book 5, in which occurs the following part of a sentence: 'Reviving thereon an art which had fallen into desuetude,' and as this was my intention, and the word desuetude expressive, the combination of these two particular words suited my ideas exactly, so I used them. Now you have the whole history, my dear," concluded the President, "and you need not say anything about it to Dan, who is the only other person aware of it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

TOPNOODY TAKEN DOWN.

His Wife and He Discuss Civil Service Reform.

Mr. Topnoody threw down his newspaper with a muttered objurgation, and looked across the table at his wife.

"What's the matter?" she inquired.

"This confounded civil service reform twaddle makes me sick," he exclaimed. "I don't see why it is that a lot of men can't do their duty when it is marked out plainly before them."

"Did you order that coal to-day?" she asked, irrelevantly, but with a new light shining in her face.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," he said, picking up his paper again, "that's got nothing to do with civil service reform."

"Did you order that coal, I said," she persisted.

"N—no, my dear," he hesitated. "I forgot all about it. But I'll do it the first thing in the morning. As I was saying, my dear, this civil service reform—"

"Don't talk to me, Topnoody, about civil service reform," she said hotly. "What you want to devote your time and attention to is domestic service reform. There isn't a lump of coal in the cellar; the boards are off the side fence; that back yard looks like a pig-pen; there hasn't been a stick of kindling chopped since Saturday; you haven't given me a cent of money in two weeks, and the cook is going to leave in the morning. You may think that's the way to do things, Topnoody, but I want to say to you that I'm running this administration now, and if you don't stop fooling with politics and attend to business you'll hear from headquarters after a fashion that will make your head swim. Civil service reform, indeed!"

Topnoody never said a word; he knew better.

Found—After Forty Years.

An old maid of this city recently traveled from here to Detroit and took her first ride in a sleeping-car. She was obliged to take an upper berth, and retired early. In the middle of the night she startled the whole car by a series of fortissimo shrieks. The porter ran to her assistance, and in answer to his inquiry as to her distress, she replied that there was a man under her bed. After 40 years of patient waiting her worst fears were realized.—*Chicago News.*

Very Considerate Indeed.

Here is a good Irish story—we fancy it has not been in print before. A pair of "victims" are waiting behind a hedge for their landlord—guns loaded, cocked, and ready for action. It is past the time at which he was expected to go by. Still they wait, and wait, until at last they become uneasy. "Bedad, Pat," says Tim, "I hope nothin' has happened to the poor ould gintleman."—*Whitehall Review.*

Miscellany.

AN OLD STORY.

Like What Used to be Told Before the War.

Here is one little picture of a runaway's rescue and Northern life, true in names and details, that the Historian fancies will speak in a sense for the whole type of this unhonored army:

On a large cotton plantation, in Mississippi, near the Yallabusha river, a faithful and pious black man, Job Mitchell by name, had lived and worked for years, and had become the "head man" of the negroes on the plantation. He was 40 years old, and he and his wife, Martha, had two young boys whom they tenderly loved. One night a negro, whom they knew well, came to their cabin; he had escaped, and they sheltered him, concealing him until the next evening, and then sending him on his way with what food they could spare. Before morning he had been intercepted by the slaveholders' patrol—the meagre home-guard of decrepit, old, poor whites, and the boys of absent confederates—and was taken back to the plantation.

THE OFFENSE OF RUNNING AWAY

at that time, and in that region, was invariably horribly punished. And this negro met with a harder fate than the average runaway. When they were whipping him, in the early evening, in the presence of the assembled slaves, the overseer thought to give a little diversity to the amusement by lashing the negro's back with the thong of a handsaw; and he managed to inflict wounds from which the runaway died.

Under the torture, the unfortunate man told the story of his concealment in Job's house.

"Ah!" said the overseer, "another nig for the handsaw."

Some of Job's friends hastened to him with the story. The penalty for concealing a retugee was no less cruel than the refugee's punishment.

Job knelt down in a low and fervent prayer, got up, tied some food in a handkerchief, kissed his wife and children, and set out into the darkness for Memphis, where, he knew, there were union soldiers.

What a journey over the 75 miles between the Yallabusha river and Memphis! They followed him with the bloodhounds. He dodged the patrol, crossed the railroad bridge at Grenada, walked straight back across the bridge in his tracks until he had nearly reached the southern side,

LEAPED OFF INTO THE RIVER,

and swam down the southern shore half a mile. He rested a little while on the trunk of a tree that leaned into the river, and then swam over again and plunged into the woods on the northern bank.

The bloodhounds followed his scent across the bridge easily enough, and then thep lost it easily enough, for it didn't go any further.

Traveling by night, hiding by day, Job reached Memphis at last—and freedom. The arrival of a northern regiment took him into his service. The captain's father was a farmer in the North. He followed the regiment when its term of service was over, and went to work on the captain's father's farm. Even the dogs and horses were afraid of him, so strange a spectacle was a negro among those far northern parts. But the animals, and the people, too, soon got used to him, and he was "as good a man" as anybody there. It takes more than one colored man to get up a prejudice against them, it seems, and Job was not only welcomed to all the church sociables, and to the quilting parties when the men came, but was really made very much of, as sort of curiosity. His plantation songs and lore made him a vast favorite with the young men and boys. At church he sat in the farmer's pew. He had a thousand friends and not an enemy. It was "Canaan's" fair and happy land" realized on earth for Job, but there was for all his glory one sight on his heaart. He talked much of Martha and the boys, and "allowed he'd go back and fetch 'em, when he'd saved a right smart o' money."

He had a right smart of last, earned honorably and competently—$250, and paid to him in good greenbacks.

With his railroad ticket bought for him, and the rest of his money in a little bead bag tied around his neck, inside his clothes, he set out right merrily to fetch Martha and the boys.

With all his struggles, he had been unable to learn to read and write in the two years that he lived on that far northern farm. He "reckoned he was too old a dog to l'arn new tricks." But he promised to have a letter written for him the moment he struck Memphis, and another when he reached Grenada. There were addressed envelopes in his pocket.

He never came back, and he never was heard from again. What became of him? Not one of his host of Northern friends ever knew. Did he reach the Yallahusha plantation, and finding his wife and children gone, start out on a hopeless, life-long quest for them through the South? Did some scoundrel kill him for his money?

SEEING OUIDA.

Mrs. John Bigelow Saw Her and Went Her One Better.

Mrs. Bigelow was in Florence. She desired to see Ouida. With Mrs. Bigelow to desire to do a thing is but one step from doing it. She therefore set out to accomplish the end herself in her usual emphatic way at the door. She was shown into a reception room and in a very loud voice said to the valet: "Will you tell Mlle. de la Ramee that Mrs. John Bigelow, of New York, would like to speak with her?"

Hardly had the message been given when a voice from the next room was heard in tones equally loud to reply: "Tell Mrs. John Bigelow, of New York, that I don't want to see her or any other American! I don't like them." Mrs. Bigelow rose and answered the invisible lady of the house with: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. We're the only friends that read your nasty books, my dear." In another moment the two well-matched women were face to face, and within half an hour the novelist was urging her American caller to become her guest. "Do come and stay a month with me," she urged, "I should so enjoy studying your character." "'Twould do you good," was Mrs. Bigelow's quick response; "you don't seem to have known any decent women."

A Campaign Story With a Point.

In one of his speeches recently delivered in Pennsylvania, Mr. Blaine pointed a moral as to the advantages the Democrats have in the "solid South" with this little parable:

A Southerner said to a Northern man, "Let us play a game of billiards for the next Presidential election two years hence—

Recent Literature.

The poems of B. F. Taylor possess an exquisite finish that but few American poets, outside of two or three great writers have reached. Whatever subject he takes, he touches with a fine and delicate fancy, that renders it wondrously winning, and one reads and re-reads with the same vivid pleasure that comes from hearing a beautiful strain of music. For the most part his subjects are taken from every-day life, but clothed in his poetic imagery and they seem lifted up and refined beyond all our thought. More than most, he possesses power over musical rhythm. He never strikes a false note, but the lines flow on with all the beauty and harmony of some finished work from some of the world's great musical composers.

S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, have just issued a complete edition of Mr. Taylor's poetical works, containing a portrait of the author as frontispiece. It is needless to say that the book is full of gems.

The number of translations from Spanish works are few, compared to those from the French and German, and more recently from the Russian. "The Marquis of Penalta" (Marta Y. Maria), by Don Armondo Palacio Valdis, and translated by Nathan Haskell Dole, is a realistic social novel, "full of charming humor, tender pathos, the liveliest sympathy with nature, the keenest knowledge of human nature, and whose charm makes itself felt through the shadows of a strange speech." The heroines of the story are two sisters, one who abandons all she loves to become a nun; the other who remains to console them for their loss. The character of the latter is a delicious compound of simplicity, generosity, strength, all, in short, that goes to make up a true woman. The story is one of the best that has been given to the public this year, and will find many delighted readers. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

A very pretty, dainty book is "The White Heron" and Other Stories, by Sarah Orne Jewett, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Her felicitous power of description that clothes even the most every day scenes with attraction, is well known. In this volume are included several other stories besides the one which gives it its name, and all are full of the charm that belongs to this author.

Everybody who has laughed over the irresistible humor of "Helen's Babies" will be prepared to enjoy anything else from the pen of the author, John Habberton. His new story, "Just One Day," issued by T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia, is as natural as the first mentioned, and while it will amuse, there is an undercurrent of pathos in it which will be felt especially by the mothers of children. Paper cover. Price 50 cents.

"Sermons New and Old," is the title of a collection of discourses by Archbishop French, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The name of the author is sufficient to prove that they are well worth the reading. Some of the subjects are: "Agrippa;" "The Woman That Was a Sinner;" "Bearing One Another's Burdens;" "The Love of God;" "Man's Honor Is the Honor of God;" "Isaiah's Vision;" "Selfishness;" "On the Duty of Hating Vain Thoughts;" "Pontius Pilate;" "Every Good Gift from Above;" "The Valley of Dry Bones," and others which are equally full of interest. The book is printed in good clear type upon fine paper.

J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York, send No. 35 of Ogilvie's Popular Reading, which contains several complete stories by popular authors, as the following: "A Rogue's Life, From His Birth to His Marriage;" "Window Curtains;" "Twice Stolen;" "A Wreath of Orange Blossoms;" "The Grass Widow," "Rainy Days and How to Meet Them." Price 30 cents.

In a pamphlet form comes from John A. Biss, New York, an essay entitled, "The Problem: Shall Avarice Rule?" It is aimed against monopolies and combinations of capital, by which individuals have been enabled to control vast interests, and is written in strong language, showing the earnestness of the author.

The pleasant question, "Why Don't You Come Again?" makes the title of a delightful waltz-song by Sapio, which is now being sung by Mlle Lablache; (50 cts.) Several other new vocal pieces are also issued this month, among which is of Santley's, "Only to Love," arranged with guitar accompaniment (50 cts.); the "Letter Song," by Morrill, (50 cts.); a charming little song by Bracket called "Been I Deluded?" (50 cts.); and the following new piano pieces: "Soldier's Triumphal March," by Page,—composed for the Knights Templar bands,—(35 cts.); "Birds are Singing," a sparkling gem by Lange, (10 cts.); and the "Springtide Revel," by Hooper,—played with success at the Boston Music Hall Concerts—(35 cts.) All the above-named are issued by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, and will be mailed by them to any address on receipt of the price.

"Artistic Embroidery," by Ella Rodman Church, is a pamphlet containing practical instruction in the ornamental branches of needlework and with nearly 200 illustrations, diagrams and explanatory diagrams. It will be found of great assistance to those who are ambitious to do fine work in this direction.

Another pamphlet of interest to the lovers of fancy work is one entitled "Rules and Directions for the Use of Real Scotch Linen Thread," published by J. R. Leeson & Co., Boston, and containing a large number of patterns for knitting and crotcheting. Price 12½ cents by mail.

Mrs. E. S. I. Thompson, Winchester, Ind., publishes a small pamphlet which gives directions for the instantaneous coloring of plumes, plushes, ribbons and laces, and also tells how to do stamping, bronzing, fabric painting, etc. It is a useful little book.

Literary Notes.

Edmund Robertson, M. P., is about to publish a book on American law as affecting British companies and investors.

Lee & Shepard have in preparation for early publication "The Monarch of Dreams," by Thos. Wentworth Higginson.

Mr. Eechler resigns as editor of the *Magazine of Art*, and will be succeeded in the editorial chair by Miss Charlotte Adams, a young lady who holds a high position as a writer on art subjects.

A serial story promised for the *Atlantic* is Mr. F. Marion Crawford's novel, "Paul Patoff." Mr. Crawford's strong story, "Sarcinesca," will shortly be published in book form by the Macmillans.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will publish at once a full report of the great debate on the Andover theory of a possible future probation, at the recent meeting of the American Board at Des Moines.

The author of "Alice in Wonderland," Mr. Lewis Carroll, will publish through the same house a new book entirely different from anything he has hitherto written. It will be called "The Game of Logic."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is in Boston again after her visit to her Washington home. She will probably stay in Boston for the winter, and for the first time in some years has laid out a little literary work.

Mr. Homer Greene, the Pennsylvania lawyer who once wrote a poem which was attributed to Mr. Whitley, has received from the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, the prize of $1,500 offered for the best serial story.

Mr. W. F. Norris has completed the manuscript of his new novel, and it will be given to the American public through the columns of *Harper's Weekly*, beginning the sixth part of next year. It is entitled "Major and Minor."

About 100,000 of the first volume of Mr. Blaine's book were sold, and 75,000 of the second, making 175,000 in all. As he gets 75 cents a volume, he will receive about $131,250, which looks like a fair reward for his work.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich will offer to the readers of the *Atlantic* next year a serial story which he has written in collaboration with Mrs. Olive Thorne. It is entitled the "Second Son." This literary combination is interesting and the story will be read with curiosity.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's only son, Henry A. Howe, has entered the field of literature, in which his three sisters, Mrs. Angos, Mrs. Laura Richards, and Miss Maud Howe, have made their mark. Mr. Howe's maiden effort in essay upon "Social Life in Warfare," read last week before the Boston Society of Arts.

Mark Twain is the literary Midas of the United States. Everything he touches turns into gold. He is now worth a million, and his income varies, running high into the thousands of dollars yearly. He made $80,000 as his share of the profits of the "Twain-Cable" readings last year, and "Huckleberry Finn" has brought in some-where in the neighborhood of $75,000.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Reminiscence of the Great Gale in 1854—The Cholera Season Also Recalled.

A correspondent of the Boston Evening *Transcript*, who signs himself "Phi," contributes an interesting chapter to the early history of the Manmee Valley, in the following graphic communication:

The recent severe gales on the lakes recall some thrilling incidents connected with the great cholera season of 1854, among which was a severe northern gale on Lake Erie.

In the spring of 1854 I left Boston for Indiana, to engage in the construction of the Lake Erie, Wabash & St. Louis railroad, now a part of the Wabash system. My headquarters were at Fort Wayne, then, as now, one of the principal cities of the state. The enterprise was largely a Northern one. The contractors were Boody & Ross, of Western Massachusetts, and the chief engineer was Warren Colburn, a relative of the great mathematician. Nearly every one of the principal parties engaged in constructing the road have passed away. I recall but one living, Gen. Hancock, late chief engineer of the Massachusetts railroad.

At the time of which I write I had just commenced upon a contract to build some bridges over the "St. Mary's" and "Little Wabash."

The cholera of that year commenced in the spring, starting from New Orleans and passing up the Mississippi River to Missouri, Michigan and Illinois Valley, making sad havoc in the cities of St. Louis and Detroit. It did not take a turn toward Indiana till some time in July. But every mail arriving in Fort Wayne brought such terrible news that the inhabitants all along the line of the Lake Erie & Wabash canal were almost as panic-stricken as though the cholera was in their midst. A rush was made for the great feeders of the canal, covering hundreds of acres, and the water drawn off, which left the rich vegetation to rot, and from the intense heat of a summer's sun to exhale its poisonous malaria. All attempts to stop the excited and ignorant people were of no avail, and when the cholera did come it found abundance to feed on.

The first warning was early in July. It had passed up the Ohio river from Cairo, and then entered the valley of the Wabash, when its passage became rapid. Whether it was reality or imagination, the inhabitants stoutly asserted that the air was impregnated with a brassy smell and the sky seemed to be of a copper color. I confess I yielded to the general belief.

There were at that time over a thousand workmen on the road between Toledo and Lafayette. They were largely composed of French Canadians. At the first intimation the panic was intense and indescribable. The shanties all along the line were abandoned, and men, women and children, hardly stopping for their effects, rushed for the canal and crowded the line and packets going North, little thinking they were following in the track of the disease.

At the close of the week the larger part of the force along the line had left, and work on the canal section was virtually suspended. The nearest railroad to Fort Wayne then was the Michigan Southern, distant some 60 miles over the plank road to Sturgis.

I left Fort Wayne by stage on Monday morning. There were ten relays between Fort Wayne and Sturgis. At every point of change the settlements seemed abandoned, and from six to ten burials were in process. I was a ghastly ride. We struck Sturgis prairie about 8:30 at the close of a lovely day. There was but one hotel in the place and this was packed to overflowing; people were hustled promiscously into rooms, frequently as many as twenty in a room. About midnight a norther from the lakes struck Sturgis and raged with unabated fury till morning, one of the fiercest gales I ever experienced.

At ten o'clock next morning we took the cars, and at every station from Sturgis to Monroe the same appalling scenes met us. The platforms around the several stations were white with chloride of lime. The greatest consternation among the passengers on the emigrant trains, who, crazy with thirst, would leap from the cars and drink the putrid water from the ditches and die like rotten sheep.

The train arrived at Monroe, Mich., at 4 p. m., and the passengers made a rush for the steamer Empire State, of the Buffalo line. Here I learned that some twelve shanties belonging to the Lake Erie, Wabash & St. Louis railroad had been burned, as no one could be found willing to go in and bury the dead—how many bodies there were never was ascertained.

The Empire State was one of the largest and most splendid steamers on the line and was commanded by Capt. Pheat, a veteran of the lakes. She left for Buffalo at 6 p. m., the lake being as calm as a mill pond. About 8 o'clock as I was sitting on the after deck conversing with the captain and a mutual friend from St. Louis, formerly a prominent merchant in Boston, a norther set in and in an hour increased to a hurricane, and the green waves of Lake Erie were lashed into fury and the huge steamer bobbed like a cork in the short, chopped sea. The only thing to do was to keep before it. Of the hundreds of passengers on board, few, if any, expected to see land again. By invitation of Capt. Pheat I went with him to the pilot house, where I remained until 12 o'clock. A little before this time, to the astonishment of Capt. Pheat and all on board, the wind suddenly shifted and the work had reached the breakwater at Buffalo an hour before time. Passing from Buffalo to Niagara Falls by rail, I found the place almost deserted, and the stages leaving the hotels for Lewiston were crowded inside and outside. The railroad was then in process of construction to Lewiston, but work had been abandoned and the shanties had been burned the same as at Toledo. Once on board the Bay State and on Lake Ontario, all hands seemed to breathe freely. But those living will never forget the scenes of those three July days in the year 1854.

A MODEL LANDLADY.

A Story That Has a Moral in It As to True Temperance.

A temperance incident too good to be lost: My uncle, H. E. Eisenbrey, lately told me the following incident of his mother which will interest many engaged in the temperance cause. Sophia M. Stellwagon was born January 16, 1789, and at the age of fifteen was married to Henry Eisenbrey of Philadelphia. His mother was a tall, stalwart German widow who owned all the property in the vicinity of Fifth and Race streets. On the corner there was a tavern, the resort of farmers and others, it at that time being on the outskirts of the city. To this tavern the child bride was taken to live and was expected to wait on its customers. Young as she was she was a temperance woman. When the people placed their money with bottles and pitchers upon the counter and asked for liquors she would say: "Take the money to your families, they need it for food and clothes."

Her mother-in-law would remonstrate and say, "Sophia, if you do so you will drive away all your customers."

She would reply, "I cannot help it. I know that money is needed in their homes for bread, baby shoes and other things; I cannot take it."

In one year the customers were so scarce that the young couple went to a truck-farm at the Robin Hood, now called Falls of Schuylkill. Afterward they removed to Lumberville, Bucks county, Pa., where they both died. Mrs. Eisenbrey was the mother of fourteen children, (twelve grew to maturity, not one being intemperate,) and had a life of hard work with many severe trials, yet age touched her lightly and she was a bright, beautiful youthful woman until past her seventy-fourth birthday. She died August 19, 1863. She was, all her life, a cheerful, exemplary Christian and staunch temperance woman. She was also opposed to the use of tobacco and snuff, which was so general in her young days.

Surely such an influence must live in effect upon those who knew her or her character, for the good men do live after them.

The Ruddy River

of life is the blood. From it the system receives all its material of growth and repair. It bathes every tissue of the body. How necessary, then, that the blood should be kept pure and rich. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great blood food and blood purifier. It is a sovereign remedy for all diseases due to impoverished blood, consumption, weak lungs, scrofula, influenza and kindred diseases.

Lullabies at the White House.

It is still a problem whether Mrs. Cleveland will enter the social world in this city this season or not. From the ladies of the household come reports that she will not. They say that, instead of entertaining gay throngs of visitors at receptions, she will be singing pretty little nursery lullabies. The ladies of this city have all taken the greatest interest in coming events, and those who are in a position to know say most decidedly that Mrs. Cleveland will not enter society. A great deal of shopping has been done of late by the ladies of the White House, but it is said that very little evening-costume material has been bought. It has been more of a diminutive nature. At least, this is what the ladies say.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

SHE WANTED A GOAT,

And She Got It—Mrs. Cleveland Tries the Same Game.

The firm of lawyers from which Pres. Cleveland graduated into his present high office, still maintains its organization and stand standing in the profession. The gentleman who succeeded to the President's place in the firm and who is best know to the Democratic masses as the Tall Sycamore of Erie county, besides being a good lawyer and astute politician, is also the father of one of the prettiest blue-eyed and blonde-haired little lasses that ever found her way to old Max's bachelor heart. This little maid has reached the mature age of four years. Sometimes she comes to the historical office in the West block to pay her respects to the members of the firm and incidentally to bring a bit of sunshine into the ordinary gloom of professional work.

Occasionally when busines is brisk and the private office of her respected sire is thronged with clients or prominent Democrats, the little maid drifts into the *sanctasanctorum* (revised edition) of the other partners.

The senior partner of the firm, although somewhat more plump and somewhat less bald-headed than Max, resembles him in that he too is a bachelor with a bachelor's fondness for attractive children. On one of the occasions when the Tall Sycamore's little girl was at the office, her father was busy with a number of gentlemen. The little lass wandered into the senior's office and entered into conversation with that gentleman.

After the manner of lawyers he managed to get into her confidence, and after the manner of her sex she poured into the professional bosom the narrative of her woes, and besought the counsel of her learned friend.

Briefly stated, her case was this: She wanted a goat. She had made several motions to that effect in the paternal court, but on one pretext or another the hearings had been adjourned and postponed to an extent which made her doubtful of ever securing a decision in the matter.

Having accepted a kiss as a retainer in the case, the President's former partner proceeded to advise his fair client. His legal intellect grasped the situation at once. His experienced and quick-working mind immediately seized upon the remedy.

"The thing for you to do," said he, "is this: Go right into your papa's office and, no matter who is there, tell him you want a goat. If you only tell him once he may not hear you, so you had better tell him several times. Yes, you had better keep on telling him until you are sure he understands you."

The little woman opened her big, blue eyes in admiration of her lawyer's ability, and immediately proceeded to act on his office. She marched soberly into her father's office intent upon her mission. So absorbed was she in her purpose that she paid no attention to the seven or eight prominent railroad men who were receiving and treasuring the precious and expensive words of counsel falling from the lips of the Tall Sycamore. She lifted her dimpled chin to the level of the paternal desk and remarked in bell-like tones, "Papa, I want a goat." The matter under discussion was an important one and her remark was not noticed. She resumed:

"Papa, I want a goat. I want a goat, I want a goat, I want a goat. I want a goat, papa. I want a goat, I want a goat, I want a goat. Papa, I want a goat. I want a goat, I want a goat, I want a goat. I want a goat, papa, I want a ——"

"Here! You run along into the other room like a good girl and you shall *have a goat.*" It had at least been made clear to the paternal mind that something was wanted and wanted badly. After the daughter had departed and the father was heard to remark that he supposed that was one of his partner's jokes.

The little maid returned to her adviser's office and told him of the success of the mission.

"You know how to get goats," she remarked approvingly and rewarded the lawyer in a coin which unusually does not pass current in law-offices.

An account of this occurrence traveled to the White House, and naturally came to Mrs. Cleveland's ears. "Mrs. President Cleveland" as some people designate her, was very desirous of owning a Kentucky saddle-horse. Her appeals for the luxury had been in vain. A few days ago she was driving with the President and some friends.

"I want a saddle-horse," she remarked to the former. This statement did not seem to evoke any great amount of enthusiasm on the part of the gallant. She was not addressed. She repeated it. The customary stolidity. Over a year's experience with office-seekers was not without its results.

"I want a saddle-horse. I want a saddle-horse, I want a saddle horse, I want a saddle-horse I want a—"

It is said that Mrs. Cleveland is to have a saddle-horse, and that the individual at the White House who imported the story from Buffalo is to be banished to a foreign mission—one of the missions where there are cannibals.—*Buffalo Express.*

CHILDREN'S CUTE SAYINGS.

Some of the Smart Remarks of Little Prattlers.

A little boy who was to pass the afternoon with the doctor's little daughter was given two pieces of candy. When he returned his mother inquired if he gave the larger piece to the little girl. "No, mother, I didn't; you told me to give the biggest piece to the company, and I was the company over there."

Mamma, coming into the room, finds Fanny playing with the contents of the sewing machine drawers, and rathe sharply orders her away. Fanny continues her play calmly and says: "Have patience, mamma, may have patience."

Little Louisa, not three years old, was observed as she sat at the table to attempt to spit with great energy into the corner of her bib, and when asked what she was doing, said: "I trying to spit out my teeth as Aunt Mary Ann does." Poor Aunt Mary Ann's false teeth hurt her, so she slyly slipped them out into her napkin when she sat down to the table, fondly hoping she was unobserved, but the little one's sharp eyes had seen her.

Seven-year-old Johnny is fond of long words. He heard his mother telling of a man who swallowed his false teeth in his sleep. "Did he have to take an epidemic?" he anxiously inquired. He asked his mother the other day, if you could tell just what second a person died. His mother thought not. "Then why does it say in the paper, 'Died on the 22d inst?'"

Little Robbie P.— first looked out on a snow-covered world when he was two years and one month old. "Soap-suds, mamma, soap-suds!" he exclaimed, and when she took him out he would not be set down in the snow, but drew up his little feet and clung screaming to her. Finally she set him down in the snow, and in a moment his tears and fears vanished, and he was delighted. He evidently had thought there was an unknown depth of water under the "suds."

Only a Step.

When catarrh has progressed to a certain extent, it is only a step to that terribly fatal disease, consumption. You have catarrh, even slightly, *it is a terrible mistake* to allow it to continue its course unchecked. If you will only read, you will find conclusive reasons why you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, in the statements of many people who have been completely cured of this disease in its most severe forms. Send for book containing abundant evidence, to C. I. Hood & Co., proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass.

What's in a Name?

"If there's anything in this world that I do like to see," said a railroader, "it is an appropriate name for a railroad. What, for instance, is the sense in naming a little one-horse railroad that runs from Chicago ten or fifteen miles north the Chicago, Evanston & Lake Superior railroad? As a matter of fact, very few of our Western roads are properly named. Illinois Central is good, and so is the Chicago & Northwestern, but Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and Chicago & Alton are not well named. The roads have outgrown the names. What has the village of Alton to do with giving distinctiveness to the C. R. I. & P.? Or of what significance in the great Burlington system is the town of Quincy? What's the use of keeping Fort Wayne in the title of the Pennsylvania? Baltimore & Ohio is a good title, but what excuse is there for putting the word St. Louis in the title of a railroad company that runs no nearer St. Louis than Chicago. Michigan system and Wisconsin Central are fairly good titles, but how much better Chicago & Ohio would have been for a road that runs down near the Central part of Ohio and stops than Chicago & Atlantic? I go in for appropriateness, I do, and I hope our railway godfathers of the future will have a better eye to the proprieties in selecting names."—*Chicago Herald.*

1,000 Reward

for your labor, and more, can be earned in a short time if you at once write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, for information about work which you can do and live at home, wherever your locality, at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have made over $30 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not required. All ages. Both sexes. All particulars free. Those who are wise will write at once and learn for themselves. Snug little fortunes await every worker.

SCIENTIFIC TRUTH

REGARDING THE FUNCTIONS OF AN IMPORTANT ORGAN,

Of Which the Public Knows but Little, Worthy Careful Consideration.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

Will you permit us to make known to the public the facts we have learned during the past 8 *years, concerning disorders of the human Kidneys and the organs which diseased Kidneys so easily break down? You are conducting a Scientific paper, and are unprejudiced except in favor of* TRUTH. *It is needless to say, no medical Journal of "Code" standing would admit these facts, for very obvious reasons.*

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure."

That we may emphasize and clearly explain the relation the kidneys sustain to the general health, and how much is dependent upon them, we propose, metaphorically speaking, to take one from the human body, place in the wash-bowl before us, and examine it for the public benefit.

You will imagine that we have before us a body shaped like a bean, smooth and glistening, about four inches in length, two in width, and one in thickness. It ordinarily weighs in the adult male, about five ounces, but is somewhat lighter in the female. A small organ? you say. But understand the body of the average size man contains about *ten quarts of blood, of which every drop passes through these filters or sewers*, as they may be called, *many times a day*, as often as through the heart, making a complete revolution in *three minutes*. From the blood they separate the waste material, working away steadily night and day, sleeping or waking, tireless as the heart itself, and fully of as much vital importance: removing impurities from sixty-five *gallons of blood each hour*, or about forty-nine barrels each day, or 9,125 hogsheads a year! What a wonder that the kidneys can last any length of time under this prodigious strain, treated and neglected as they are?

We slice this delicate organ open lengthwise with our knife, and will roughly describe its intetior.

We find it to be of a reddish brown color, soft and easily torn; filled with hundreds of little tubes, short and thread-like, starting from the arteries, ending in a little tuft about midway from the outside opening into a cavity of considerable size, which is called the peivis, or, roughly speaking, a sac, which is for the purpose of holding the water to further undergo purification before it passes down from there into the ureters, and so on to the outside of the body. These little tubes are the filters which do their work automatically, and *right here is where the disease of the kidney begins.*

Doing the vast amount of work which they are obliged to, from the slightest irregularity in our habits, from cold, from high living, from stimulants, or a thousand and one other causes which occur every day, they become somewhat weakened in their nerve force.

What is the result? Congestion, or stoppage of the current of blood in the small blood vessels surrounding them, which become blocked; these delicate membranes are irritated, inflammation is set up, then pus is formed, which collects in the pelvis or sac; the tubes are at first partially, and soon entirely, unable to do their work. The pelvic sac goes on distending with this corruption, pressing upon the blood vessels. All this time, remember, the blood, which is entering the kidneys to be filtered, is *passing through this terrible, disgusting pus*, for it cannot take any other route!

Stop and think of it for a moment. Do you realize the importance, nay the vital necessity, of having the kidneys in order? Can you expect when they are diseased or obstructed, no matter how little, that you can have *pure blood and escape disease?* It would be just as reasonable to expect, if a pest-house were set across Broadway and countless thousands were compelled to go through its pestilential doors, and escape from contagion and disease, as for one to expect the blood to escape pollution when constantly running through a diseased kidney.

Now, what is the result? Why, that the blood takes up and deposits this poison as it sweeps on into every organ, into every inch of muscle, tissue, flesh and bone, from your head to your feet. And whenever, from hereditary influence or otherwise, some part of the body is weaker than another, a countless train of diseases is established, such as consumption in weak lungs, dyspepsia, where there is a delicate stomach; nervousness, insanity, paralysis or heart disease in those who have weak nerves.

The heart must soon feel the effects of the poison, as it requires more blood to keep it in right action. It increases its stroke in number and power, in response to the demand for stimulus wanting, in its indeavor to crowd the impure blood through this obstruction, causing pain, palpitation, or an out-of-breath feeling. Unnatural as this forced labor is, the heart must soon falter, becoming weaker and weaker until one day it *suddenly stops*, and death from apparent "heart disease" is the verdict.

But, the medical profession, learned and dignified, call these diseases by high sounding names, treat them alone, and patients die, *for the arteries are carrying slow death to the affected part*, constantly adding fuel brought from these suppurating, pus-laden kidneys, which here in our wash-bowl are very putrefaction itself, and which should have been cured first.

But this is not all the kidneys have to do; for you must remember that each adult takes about seven pounds of nourishment every twenty-four hours to supply the waste of the body which is constantly going on, a waste equal to the quantity taken. This, too, the kidneys have to separate from the blood with all other decomposing matter.

But you say, "My kidneys are all right. I have no pain in the back." Mistaken man! People die of kidney disease of so bad a character that the organs are rotten, and yet they have *never there had a pain nor an ache!*

Why? Because the disease begins, as we have shown, in the interior of the kidney, where *there are few nerves of feeling* to convey the sensation of pain. Why this is so we may never know.

When you consider their great work, the delicacy of their structure, the ease with which they are deranged, can you wonder at the ills of our men and women? Health and long life cannot be expected when so vital an organ is impaired. No wonder some writers say we are degenerating. Don't you see the great, the extreme importance of keeping this machinery in working order? Could the finest engine do even a fractional part of this work, without attention from the engineer? Don't you see how dangerous this hidden disease is? It is lurking about us constantly, without giving any indication of its presence.

The most skillful physicians cannot detect it at times, *for the kidneys themselves cannot be examined* by any means which we have at our command. Even an analysis of the water, chemically and microscopically, reveals nothing definite in many cases, even when the kidneys are fairly broken down.

Then look out for them, as disease, no matter where situated, to 93 per cent., as shown by after-death examinations, has its origin in the breaking down of these secreting tubes in the interior of the kidney.

As you value health, as you desire long life free from sickness and suffering, give these organs some attention. Keep them in good condition and thus prevent (as is easily done) all disease.

Warner's Safe Cure, as it becomes year after year better known for its wonderful cures and its power over the kidneys, has done and is doing more to increase the average duration of life than all the physicians and medicines known. Warner's Safe Cure is a true Specific, mild but certain, harmless but energetic and agreeable to the taste.

Take it when sick as a cure, and never let a month go by if you need it, without taking a few bottles as a preventive, that the kidneys may be kept in proper order, the blood pure, that health and long life may be your blessing.

H. H. WARNER & CO.

A Lawyer's Fright.

I had the worst fright I ever had in my life on account of a hole in my pocket. One rainy night I rented an umbrella at the Southern Hotel and started out to find an important witness in a case I had on hand, and to find him I had to go into an alleyway. Just as I got into a very dark place I felt something warm on my leg inside my pants, and just above my shoe. I immediately concluded it was a rat that had gone in my leg. I closed my umbrella, and hopping about on one leg, while I held the other one out, I pounded on the leg until I broke the umbrella to pieces. Then I put my hand down and covered the object with one hand while I leaned up against a wall and carefully put my other hand up my pant's leg until I grabbed it firmly. I drew it out. It was my fine gold watch, battered and broken to smithereens. I was awfully relieved, but I was awfully mad. There I was with a leg beaten black and blue, and dreadfully sore, a broken watch, a broken umbrella, my hat out in the gutter, and my feelings shattered. My watch had slipped through a hole in my pocket.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

The girls have evidently got to trim down the pinions of their eagle of independence, for the day of chaperons has come to this country and come to stay In the eastern cities the bright-eyed belle can no longer go off for long moonlight walks and drives with the masculine worshippers at her shrine; she may not go to balls, operas and theaters under masculine protection alone; she is not permitted quiet *tete-a-tetes* with the favored admirer, but the delight of each and all of these must be banished by the presence of some matron, who may be young or old, but who has earned the right to play propriety and guard her young friends, either through matrimony or long experience. The girls are not accepting this state of things without a struggle, but from present appearances, they will have to yield the freedom which their mothers and grandmothers enjoyed, and accept the new order of things, dislike it as they may.

People who desire to be just, and can bring themselves to listen to what is against their own preconceived opinion, will find that there are two sides to almost every question, and that there are arguments upon both to prove the position. Those upon one may seem stronges and more convincing to your own mind than those urged for the other, but rest assured there are people, equally as sensible perhaps, who see the matter from another standpoint, and, therefore, in a different light. The young are usually firmly partisan, and ready to fight their opponents to the death, but only those strong in their own self-conceit and grown opinionated, are so to the extent of quickening animosities, when they have lived longer in the world. The very fact that there is always a chance that one may be mistaken should teach a charity that grows stronger with every year that passes.

The question has been asked a number of times as to how so many books can be published after the author's death which have never appeared before, and those of Hugh Conway mentioned as a case in point. It does not present the honesty of the publishers in the best light, but it is the truth nevertheless, that other writers are hired to imitate the style of the popular author who dies, and the hanger of the public to that particular kind of production is thus satisfied. This has occurred in a number of cases that might be mentioned, and in many of these the forgery was so open and so patent that it would seem impossible that anyone could be deceived. The truth is, however, that few stop to think of the matter at all. The name of the favorite author is upon the title page, and that is all that is needed. Should there be anything lacking in the story, the reader will simply conclude that the author was not at his best, or that the liking for his work is passing away. With the majority, however, the enjoyment is as great as with the real works, and possibly that imitation is quite as good as the genuine.

The following description of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, on the occasion of her appearance at the recent annual meeting of the New York Sorosis, at Delmonico's, where a poem of hers, written for the occasion, and read by Mrs. Helen Ames, was one of the features of the entertainment, will interest the admirers of that lady's writings:

She is petite, with clear complexion, and a profusion of curly auburn hair; she is very girlish in appearance, affectionate and tender, as her poems show, and wins all at first sight by her smile. She wore on this occasion a blue dress with neck cut V shape back and front, filled in with blue silk with a hair stripe of buff; large plain blue puffs formed the upper part of the sleeve, and below the elbow were cut sleeves of the striped material. It was a picturesque costume and very becoming, and to it was added a large blue hat.

The Salad-server heard a conversation in the street car the other day. She could not help hearing if she had tried, and she did not try, for, carried on in that public place, it became the property of the public. The speakers were two girls, both young and pretty. One was imparting a secret to the second, concerning—not herself alone—if it had, it would not so much matter, but the health of a more numerous band. She did not seem to have the slightest realization that she was telling to strangers what she placed her friend under bonds not to reveal. Fortunately, there was no one near enough to gather in the full import of the words, and the Salad-server, and she will not tell, but, girls, do not talk over your own secrets, or those of any one else, in public places. Wait until you are in the seclusion of your own homes, when there will be no danger of being overheard. Some older people might profit by this hint also.

There is always something new under the sun, and now it is the glove language, to be used by young people who desire to carry on a conversation without the chaperon, or other obstructive impertinence. Here is some of it as given by an exchange:

"Yes," is said by dropping one glove from the right hand into the left one. "No," by rolling both gloves in the right hand. If you want to say you have become rather indifferent, you take the right hand glove half off, the gentleman may help you to a lady or come and pay her a visit, she strikes her left arm with her glove. "I should so much like to be with you, dear," is said by smoothing and polishing slowly and nicely both gloves. If you wish to ask if you are still loved, you put on, finger by finger, first the left hand glove. To say the threadbare, old, and yet ever new, "I love thee," you let both gloves fall, all on a sudden and together, from the right hand to the left one. To show people "he" or "that foppish old governor" is watching you, you twist delicately the glove fingers round your thumb. If you are in a quarreling mood, you make a nest and lay cross with both gloves, and lay it on your lap. And so on. The "Patent Glove Language" is infinite in its words, and varies according to the people who practice it.

An importation from abroad, which is far from being a good one, is that of giving "tips" to all waiters and servants everywhere, and even those who do not class themselves in either category, are still ready to receive a gratuity for all small services, and that too, when they have been already paid for them by their regular employers. Now a guest in private houses are expected to fee his friend's servants for any little civilities which may be offered during his stay. At hotels it is sometimes quite impossible to get served unless you have slipped a coin or bill into your waiter's hands who then takes it upon himself to get what is desired. In Europe, where the wages are so small, it is easy to see how such a custom might have arisen, but here, where all work receives such a liberal compensation, it is a different matter. The civilization of the Old World is not all that is desirable.

Somewhat Startling.

In a conversation that I had recently with a prominent Chicago physician, he was bemoaning the prejudice that existed against vivisection, autopsies, and all the means by which the medical profession acquires its knowledge of the human body and its skill in relieving human suffering. "What we need now," he said, "is a legal enactment turning over criminals convicted of heinous capital offenses to the medical fraternity for experimentation on the *slabs* forces. Of course I never expect to see this done. The sentimentalists would rather see a million good people languish and die for want of medical skill than to see one cutthroat like Frank Rand subjected to surgical operations which would prove fatal. The truth is that this would be less liable to the charge of inhumanity than the vivisection of the lower animals. It would pain me exceedingly to have a dog subjected to torture, because the dog is an innocent and affectionate animal, whereas some of the men we now hang deserve a worse fate. Then, too, we would not have to keep up the practice for years. If there were only a few hundred of the most capital criminals of the year 1886 to us for the purpose, the benefit to suffering humanity could not be estimated. The chief subjects that we wish to elucidat concern the brain and nerves."—*Chicago Journal.*

Cleopatra Drank Pearls

In her wine, and captivated Cæsar with her beauty and magnificence. But pearls in the mouth are better, and our modern countesses have these if they faithfully use SOZODONT every day, and captivate all by simply smiling to show their pretty white teeth.

Butterflies Going East.

It is said that in the spring the butterflies all go from east to west. We are not positive that this is so, but we certain that at this season, "when the leaves begin to fall," may be seen every sunny day a curious fact of natural history. The full-grown butterflies are all flying eastward. Now and then a small one will play and feed about in different directions, but they, too, are steadily flying inevitably toward the certain east. Occasionally a large one will halt a moment or two and then pass along in the same direction. We sat talking to a friend about an hour on Monday morning, with an open space of 100 yards or more immediately in front of us, and counted the migrating pilgrims passing before us, averaging one to every minute. Myriads may be seen in the open piny woods.—*Camilla (Ga.) Clarion.*

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds. "I think them the best and most convenient relief extant."—*Rev. C. M. Humphrey, Grats, Ky.*

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

Notes From the Field.

Mary A. Hosmer writes that her husband, Maj. F. Hosmer, enlisted in Co. H, 9th N. Y. H. A., and was killed in the war. She desires to hear from some member of his company.

A sutler, who had recently joined his regiment, and who of course was eager to win the favor of the officers, sent to the colonel, reputed to an excellent judge of such things, a jug of whisky as a sample of the article he kept, which was warranted to cure the ague, then prevalent in camp. A few days later the sutler sent to inquire if the colonel wanted some more. The colonel declinad, telling the messenger that he had tried the whisky, but he *preferred the ague.*

A subscriber, late Co. K, 8th Ind. Vet. Vol. Cav. writes: I enlisted in 1861, at Lincoln's first call for 75,000 troops, served three months and thirteen days in the Sixth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, and was discharged. I re-enlisted for three years in the 39th Indiana Volunteer Infantry, served two years, veteranized in the 8th Indiana Volunteer Cavalry, and served until the close of the wor. I saw the elephant at Shiloh, Corinth, Chicamauga, Mission Ridge, Stone River, and a great many other places. I was a good hand to dodge, therefore I was not hit. I can dodge Democrats just as well when it comes to voting, and hope comrades will do the same.

A Story of a Pet Bear.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* publishes the following: In the spring of 1863, as the 23d Ohio Volunteer Infantry lay in camp across the river from Charleston, W. Va., there began to be heavy upon the boys, and as a means of breaking the monotony some of them of company C conceived and carried into execution the plan of having a little fun with old man Inman and his pet bear. Inman kept a hotel in Charleston across the river from our camp. In the rear of his house he kept chained to a post a large bear, and to capture and

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and post-office address must be given in all cases, not, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or companies.

3. Questions for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Write a question and then proceed to answer it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is the object of this Bureau to make it useful. The Question Bureau is always full, and we are frequently two or three weeks behind.

4. The department is not intended to settle party bets or disputes. Replies to questions are published to be of general interest, and no one has a right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the smallest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

Middle Tennessee.

J. J. C., Summertown, Tenn., writes:

1. Lawrence, Lewis and Wayne counties are situated in Middle Tennessee. They have an altitude ranging from 800 to 1,200 feet above tide water. The surface is level, rolling to broken. The broken land is along the streams, and is rich and grows a fine orchard grass and good grain. The broken land is generally well timbered. The level and rolling lands are the great reservoirs from which numerous streams and springs flow. Numerous pure, sparkling springs flow from Lawrence, Lewis and Wayne counties, and the principal settlements are to be found there. The soil is a reddish brown, and is underlaid with a red and yellow clay. The broken lands are rich and strong but not sufficiently to bear well with cultivation. The soil possesses to a wonderful extent the power to retain manures. From three to five feet deep the soil is usually red clay. Below that depth the clay is mixed with water to slowly filter through it; it is impossible for manures to pass through this hard pan. This hard pan extends to a great depth, and holds a large amount of water that is used through the dry summer months. These divisions are uniform in extent, and droughts do not effect them. This hard pan is not excelled for health by any spot on the earth. Its pure freestone water flows in the valleys. Its pure chalybeate springs and deep springs of vegetation. Its soft balmy air makes it the Paradise for invalids. Yellow fever, cholera, and small pox never visit here, and it is not as hot in the summer as it is in the North, while our nights are delightfully cool and refreshing.

2. The present is a low estimate for the profit on a given effort at stock. This is a fruit, stock, and tobacco country. You can make more money on stock, fruit and tobacco than in any other way. Every farmer should raise grain enough for his own use, and he can do it as well as he can make it raising grain for the market. The best land is white poplar, white oak, black oak, hickory, and chestnut. The white lands, called barrens, are covered with an undergrowth of sassafras and persimmon for cover. Among the timber the wild cane grows, on which cattle fatten rapidly, and is good until frost comes. Clover does well on all soil not run out. Timothy does well on the high lands. Orchard grass is luxuriant. The corn crop will average from three to five hundred bushels to the acre. Wheat is a full return for its erroneous opinions. He was offered preferment by the Pope, Alexander VII., but returned in preference to Paris, where he entered upon the study of Natural Magic by Vorstius, in which he resided till his death in 1676.

Democrats in the Army.

S. F. P., Larned, Kan.:

I wish you would once more publish the statistics of the number of Republicans and Democrats who were in the Union army. The Democrats here are again proclaiming loud and long that more Democrats than Republicans went into the army at the breaking out of the war. Of course I know better, and so does any one who wants to be reasonable. Please publish, and oblige the voters of Pawnee county, Kansas.

The Bureau supposes you have reference to an extended answer to a gentleman who sent a clipping from a Democratic paper, making the claim that more Democratic than Republicans went to put down the rebellion. In that answer it was pointed out that a man's politics in the army could only be known by the way he voted while in the army. Neither at the time of enlistment, during his service, or at his discharge, was any question asked of a soldier regarding his politics. The first year of the war, 1861, there was no voting by the soldiers in the field. In 1862, five states passed laws allowing the boys to cast their ballots. Here are the official figures of these five elections:

States.	Rep.	Dem.
Colorado	549	12
Iowa	14,574	4,115
Missouri	2,139	7
Pennsylvania	1,87[illegible]	274
Wisconsin	8,373	2,046
Totals	27,820	6,454

There were cast by the Union soldiers of those five states, 34,274 votes. The total Republican vote was 81.13 per cent. of the entire number cast, and the Democratic vote only 18.87 per cent. In 1863, there were six states holding elections which gave their soldiers the privilege of voting, and the result was as follows:

States.	Rep.	Dem.
California	4,143	140
Iowa	17,041	8,004
Missouri	8,827	777
Ohio	46,315	2,391
Pennsylvania	1,309	83
Wisconsin	9,257	747
Totals	82,275	7,112

Total vote, 89,387. Of this, Republicans cast 92 per cent and Democrats only 8. Then came the great Presidential election of 1864. It will be remembered that Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, who had been relieved as commander of the army of the Potomac, and was hence embittered against the Republican administration, was the candidate of the Democratic party for President against Abraham Lincoln, and that the platform of that party declared that "the war was a failure." It was at a time when Copperheadism was rampant in the North, when "Sons of Liberty," "Knights of the Golden Circle," and other treasonable armed organizations were afoot in Indiana, Ohio and elsewhere. McClellan was very popular with his soldiers, and it is to this fact that the soldier vote of some of the states, whose men were largely in the army of the Potomac, shows a comparatively larger vote for the Democratic ticket. The boys voted, not for Democracy, but for McClellan. Twelve states allowed their soldiers to vote, and here is the result:

States.	Rep.	Dem.
Maine	4,174	741
New Hampshire	3,966	690
Vermont	2[illegible]3	49
Pennsylvania	26,712	12,349
Maryland	2,800	321
Ohio	41,146	9,757
Michigan	9,602	2,955
Iowa	10,178	1,364
Wisconsin	11,392	2,458
California	2,600	337
Kansas	2,807	519
Kentucky	1,194	2,823
Total	119,744	34,291

The Sioux Reservation.

EDITOR QUESTION BUREAU:—In the BLADE of September 30 I read a few lines asking for a description of the great Sioux reservation. The writer, having traveled somewhat in the western territory, will give a few ideas about it. The Sioux reservation lies between the Missouri river and the Black Hills. Running north as far as the Canadian line and south to the territorial line. This is divided up into separate reservations for each band under its chief. The country is a rolling prairie, except the lands where it is rocky and mountainous and along the river, where high bluffs rise. The soil is generally a loam, similar to that of east Dakota, and is rich in all that goes to make good pasture land. The country can not become a good grain producing region until it has been settled for some five or ten years, and until by plowing the land, planting trees, etc., the rainfall is increased. Now it rains but seldom; four or five times a year is considered an average rainfall. The wild grass consists wholly of buffalo and bunch grass. The blue joint is just getting a start in the wet places, but cannot flourish until the rainfall is increased. Timber, except cottonwood, is not to be found in the north, while our nights are delightfully cool and refreshing.

Why pervert is a low estimate for the profit on a given effort at stock. This is a fruit, stock, and tobacco country. You can make more money on stock, fruit and tobacco than in any other way. Every farmer should raise grain enough for his own use, and he can do it as well as he can make it raising grain for the market. The best land is white poplar, white oak, black oak, hickory, and chestnut. The white lands, called barrens, are covered with an undergrowth of sassafras and persimmon for cover. Among the timber the wild cane grows, on which cattle fatten rapidly, and is good until frost comes. Clover does well on all soil not run out. Timothy does well on the high lands. Orchard grass is luxuriant. The corn crop will average from three to five hundred bushels to the acre. Wheat is a full return for its erroneous opinions. He was offered preferment by the Pope, Alexander VII., but returned in preference to Paris, where he entered upon the study of Natural Magic by Vorstius, in which he resided till his death in 1676.

Democrats in the Army.

S. F. P., Larned, Kan.:

I wish you would once more publish the statistics of the number of Republicans and Democrats who were in the Union army. The Democrats here are again proclaiming loud and long that more Democrats than Republicans went into the army at the breaking out of the war. Of course I know better, and so does any one who wants to be reasonable. Please publish, and oblige the voters of Pawnee county, Kansas.

The Bureau supposes you have reference to an extended answer to a gentleman who sent a clipping from a Democratic paper, making the claim that more Democratic than Republicans went to put down the rebellion. In that answer it was pointed out that a man's politics in the army could only be known by the way he voted while in the army. Neither at the time of enlistment, during his service, or at his discharge, was any question asked of a soldier regarding his politics. The first year of the war, 1861, there was no voting by the soldiers in the field. In 1862, five states passed laws allowing the boys to cast their ballots. Here are the official figures of these five elections:

States.	Rep.	Dem.
Colorado	549	12
Iowa	14,574	4,115
Missouri	2,139	7
Pennsylvania	1,867	274
Wisconsin	8,373	2,046
Totals	27,820	6,454

There were cast by the Union soldiers of those five states, 34,274 votes. The total Republican vote was 81.13 per cent. of the entire number cast, and the Democratic vote only 18.87 per cent. In 1863, there were six states holding elections which gave their soldiers the privilege of voting, and the result was as follows:

States.	Rep.	Dem.
California	4,143	140
Iowa	17,041	8,004
Missouri	8,827	777
Ohio	46,315	2,391
Pennsylvania	1,309	83
Wisconsin	9,257	747
Totals	82,275	7,112

Total vote, 89,387. Of this, Republicans cast 92 per cent and Democrats only 8. Then came the great Presidential election of 1864. It will be remembered that Gen. Geo. B. McClellan,

Canterbury.

F. H. G., Rising Sun, Tex.:

Is there a section in this country in England called Canterbury? If so, please give all the information you can concerning it.

Canterbury is a municipal and parliamentary borough, a county by itself, a cathedral city, and a county town. It is situated on the river Stour, 56 miles southeast of London, on the high road from London to Dover. It stands on a flat between hills of moderate hights. It has an elevation on an old castle mound, many streets along the high street having gabled ends and projecting fronts. It has little manufacture or traffic; the chief trade is in corn, wool, and hops; population about 22,000. The greatest object of interest is the magnificent cathedral. When St. Augustine became Archbishop of Canterbury, 597 A. D., he concentrated, under the name Christ's Church, a church said to have been founded by King Ethelbert and Queen Ethelburg, the eleventh archbishop, in 740 added a church to the east of it. In the course of time it received numerous additions, until it assumed its present magnificent form. In 1174 the choir was destroyed by fire, and in order to the rebuilding of it, a number of French and Irish workmen were retained. Among these was William of Sens, and to him the management of rebuilding the work was intrusted. The church was then in relics, and the crypts at those altars contributed greatly to the expense of the undertaking. The work was not finished before the work was completed, and was finished by another William, an Englishman. The Archbishop of Canterbury is primate of all England, metropolitan, and head bishop of the Church of England, by royalty, and crowns the sovereign. His ecclesiastical province includes all England, except the six northern counties. Among his privileges, he can confer degrees, and he can hold services in his private chapels at Lambeth and Addington Park. He is patron of 149 livings, and has an income of £15,000 a year. Canterbury stood, in Roman times, at the junction of four roads, and from Dover to Lympne the chief seaports of the Romans it was the capital of Kent, and the centre from which England was Christianized.

Readjusters—Pre-Adamites.

Sub., Catlettsburgh, Ky.:

1. Please tell about the Virginia Readjusters.

2. Is there proof of a pre-Adamite race? Is it in the Bible, as claimed by the Biddleberger bill, and the following is a quotation: "We maintain that this measure recognizes the just debt of Virginia, in this, that it assumes two-thirds of the debt which was created before the acts added by other third to West Virginia to be dealt with by her in her own way and at her own pleasure; that it places those of her creditors who have received the benefit of the consideration paid for their claims upon an exact equality with those who at corporate agencies were enabled to absorb and monopolize our means of payment; that it agrees to pay the coupons and matured securities as can with safety be met out of the revenues of the state, and that it contains all the essential features of finality."

1. The author of the opinion, or at least the writer in whose hands it first took scientific form, was Isaac de la Peyrere, better known by his Latinized name Peyrerius. His theory was his Latinized name Peyrerius. His theory was his invention, and not, as he claimed, a part of his hypothesis, Adam was the progenitor of the Jewish race only, and it is only of him and his race that the Bible is designed to supply the history of other races than the Jewish race. That of Adam, but of them the Bible contains no record, nor did the Mosaic law regard them as included in the provisions of it. It was only under the gospel that they began to be comprehended in the law, which through Christ was given to all the human races of the earth; and this is its true interpretation. According to Peyrere, sin is said (Rom. v. 13), to have been in the world until the law," but not to have "been imputed when the law was not." The only evil which Peyrere recognized as natural to man, and not limited interpretation he extended to most other details of the Mosaic history. Thus, he regarded the deluge as partial, being confined only to the Adamite race. As his book was published in the Low Countries, he fell under the animadversion of the Inquisition, and eventually was arrested in the diocese of Mechlin, but was released at the instance of the Prince of Condé. He afterwards went to Rome, and there he conformed to the Catholic religion, and made a full retraction of his erroneous opinions. He was offered preferment by the Pope, Alexander VII., but returned in preference to Paris, where he entered upon the study of Natural Magic by Vorstius, in which he resided till his death in 1676.

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Howell County, Mo.

R. A. M., West Plains, Mo., writes as follows, in answer to a request for information concerning South Missouri:

"West Plains, the county seat of Howell county, is the principal point on the Springfield & Memphis railroad, a line between Springfield, Mo., and Memphis, Tenn. Howell county lies on the foot hills of the southeastern slope of the Ozark range, the northwestern part being 1,400 and the southeastern 700 feet above sea level. This is pre-eminently a stock and fruit-growing county. The following extract from a newspaper gives the status as well as the writer could—except as to the political aspect. Howell county is very nearly evenly divided politically. The county seems to be a part of Republican and part Democratic. There are hundreds of old soldiers from both sides in the county, and the best of feeling exists all around. Ozark and Douglas counties are Republican counties. Oregon is strongly Democratic."

Following is the extract, referred to above:

"This portion of our state presents many advantages over other portions, and for some branches of industry, advantages which cannot be surpassed by any country. For cattle and sheep raising its advantages are many and peculiar, and it is no exaggeration to say that no portion of the globe can be found upon which the altitude renders it extremely healthy for man and beast. The water is abundant, pure and living, while its natural grasses are luxuriant and nutritious, equaling those of a prairie country. All tame grasses grow to a wonderful perfection. For fruits and the vine it is vastly superior to any country ever visited by your correspondent. Apples and peaches are never failing crops. Small fruits, many of which are indigeneous, grow to an extent unsurpassed, and when matured, are extremely fine flavored and rich. Berries of nearly all the varieties grow naturally and are very fine. At this time the outlying ground is covered with wild strawberries. The acquired advantage of this locality should not be overlooked. The markets of St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis and the South are of easy access, and will take all the surplus products of this section for many years to come. The cities of the South furnish best markets for these and more nearer, and with the transportation facilities from Memphis, more accessible. Howell county, of which West Plains is the capital, is situated about midway across the state from east to west, and is on the southern border. The highest known altitude within the county above tidewater is 1,400 feet, and its general altitude about 1,200 feet. The physical characteristic of the land is rolling, diversified with valleys and uplands; the general slope is toward the south and the natural drainage excellent. The country is a table land, and lies in between White river on the west and Black river on the east. The extremes of heat and cold are unknown on the southern slopes of the Ozark Mountains, and Howell county is peculiarly well situated in this respect, the average temperature being 57½ degrees. During the winter the mercury seldom falls below zero, and in summer seldom rises above 95 degrees.

Miscellaneous.

Sub., (no postoffice):

Please inform me all about San Diego, Cal., as to climate, population, industries, etc.

The population of the county in 1880 was 6,618; it has increased rapidly since, but do not know how much. The town is situated on a beautiful bay of the Pacific ocean, 15 miles from the Mexican frontier. It has a good harbor, formed by San Diego bay, which is nearly six miles long. There is a depth of 22 feet of water on the bar at low tide. The climate is mild and genial, in which the orange, the fig, and the olive flourish. A daily sea breeze tempers the summer air, and the nights are agreeably cool. Hides, whale oil, and wool are the chief articles of export.

F. R. C., East Vien, Ky.: Miss Bouton was at one time a contributor to Peterson's Magazine.

F. J., Neosho Falls, Kan.:

Please give the date that John P. St. John was nominated for President.

July 24, 1884, at Pittsburg.

Reader, Salt Lake City, U. T.:

On which finger should a lady wear her engagement ring?

First finger of the left hand.

C. R., Toledo, O.:

What is the latest population of Toledo?

About 76,000 by the school enumeration; 51,137 by the census of 1880.

S. K., Washington, Ia., (and all others inquiring about books): Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, and read the advertisements and book reviews in the BLADE each week.

G. H., Benthe, Kansas:

Does the government make a contract with distillers, agreeing to stand good for whisky that may be destroyed by any of its citizens?

No.

J. B. D., Hazel, O.:

Where can I sell a gun that was made in 1461? It is a good shooter.

Advertise in the Blade, is the best advice the Bureau can give.

F. S., Pleasant Grove, Minn.:

1. Which is regarded as the most important nation? 2. Please give a list of present rulers of nations.

1. The United States. 2. Given a few months ago.

W. C. P., Harvard, Ill.:

Is there a game law prohibiting the hunting of the common cottontail rabbit with the ferret in the states of Illinois and Wisconsin?

Think there is. Ask your prosecuting attorney.

C. M. G., Graytown, O.:

If any member of the electoral college should vote for the opposite party from the one he is elected by, would such a vote stand legal?

Yes; but such a thing is not likely to occur in this country.

H., Markesan, Wis.:

1. What was the real cause of Prince Alexander's abdication of the throne of Bulgaria? 2. Who is the greatest musician now living, and who the greatest artist?

1. Russian intrigues. 2. Opinions differ.

Sub., Gallipolis, O.:

1. Do soldiers of the regular army get promoted? 2. Would you advise a young man to enlist in the army?

1. Occasionally, when outside influence is brought to bear. 2. Not unless it was reduced to a choice between that and starvation.

E. A., Odell, Ills.:

Where could a person receive a renumeration for poems of their own composition, wishing to support themselves?

The leading magazines and literary papers of the country pay for exceptionally good poetry, but the general rule there is more offered gratuitously than they can use.

J. G. B., Montezuma, Ia.:

1. Has there been a law passed to prohibit a person from pre-empting public lands? 2. Who can I write to for information concerning public land in Kansas?

1. No. 2. To the register of the land office at Topeka, Salina, Independence, Wichita, Kirwin, Concordia, Larned, Wakeeny, Oberlin, or Garden City.

S. A. R., Etna, O.:

What is meant by the "Grapevine telegraph?"

2. Give the names of ten of America's greatest statesmen. 3. Give the author of the quotation, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

1. Information that has been a long time reaching its destination is said to come by that route. 2. Perhaps the Bureau's estimate of statesmen would not agree with yours. 3. Think it was John Wesley; at any rate he uses it in his sermon on dress.

Inquirer, Middleburg, N. Y.:

1. What will remove grease, ink, or medicine stains from marble? 2. In what revenue district is Schoharie county, N. Y.?

1. Take one ox-gall, one wine-glass soap lees, one-half wine-glassful turpentine; mix and make into a paste with pipe clay; put on the paste over the stain and let it remain for several days. If the stain is not fully removed, a second application will generally prove sufficient. 2. Do not know.

H. M. H., Brookfield, Mo.:

Tell me what a razor hone is made of, and what is the process of its manufacture.

The finest kind of hones are those called oil-stones; these are varieties of slate, and are from the argillaceous schists of the Palæozoic period. The best are those brought from Turkey; Bohemia is also celebrated for its hones; and excellent ones are found in Persia, in the Hartz mountains, in Styria, in America, Spain, Peru, Siberia and Great Britain.

Reader, (no postoffice):

Please tell me what meerschaum is, and where it is found.

It is a mineral, found in many parts of the world, and in great abuddance in Asia. From having been found on the seashore in some places in peculiarly rounded snow-white lumps it was ignorantly supposed to be the petrified froth of the sea, which is the meaning of its German name. When first dug from the earth, it is quite soft and soap-like to the touch, and as it lathers with water, and removes grease, it is employed by Turkish women as a substitute for soap in washing. Vienna contains many manufactories where tobacco pipes are made, and pipes worth 100 guineas, from the beauty of their designs, are by no means uncommon.

E. C., Marshall, Mo., writes: I see that C. W. H., a correspondent from Arizona, is inviting immigration to that territory. I will send you what a friend of mine said of that country in 1884, when I thought of going there with my family; here it is: "I do not think you could conveniently find a home there that would meet the requirements of you and your family. First, because the best farming valleys are very subject to malarial influences; second, the higher stock raising valleys are healthy, are mostly taken up; third, the mining interests, as they stand at present, are not profitable or promising." He wrote from Tombstone, and knew the country well.

A. W., Belmont, O.:

In what parts of the world is the honey bee found wild, and how many different kinds are there?

The common honey bee is probably of Asiatic origin, whence it has spread over Europe, has been introduced into America, and is found in nearly all the warmer portions of the world. There are four or five species. Wild bees are abundant in India, the islands of the Malay archipelago, Crete and all the Greek islands, the west coast of Africa and throughout America. Those in the United States are all of foreign origin. There were none west of the Mississippi before 1767, nor in California before 1850. Other questions have been answered a number of times.)

R. A. M., Buffalo Shoals, W. Va.:

1. Please tell us why the potato was called Irish potato, as it is a native of America? 2. Why are the four diamond-shaped stars we see of clear nights called Job's coffin? 3. What was the name of the first white child born in America?

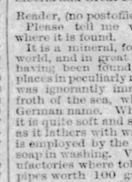
1. Because the people of Ireland depend so largely on it as an article of food. 2. No not know. 3. The first child of European parentage born on the American continent was named Snorr; the father's name was Thorfinn Karlsefne. The first American child of English parentage was named Virginia Dare.

C. S., (no postoffice) requests the Bureau to publish the following as a cure for lockjaw and croup: Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of spirits of turpentine, warm it and pour on the wound, no matter where the wound is, or what its nature is, and relief will follow in from one to ten minutes. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it, and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in very severe cases force two drops on a lump of sugar may be taken internally.

Sub., New Market, Ia.:

I was told a few days ago, (by a Democrat) that in the time of the rebellion, when the rebels had so many of our men in Andersonville prison that there were arrangements made for an exchange, and the men were on the road for the exchanged, when Sec. Stanton ordered them stopped, saying that he would not exchange good, healthy, strong men for mere skeletons, and that three or four hundred of them died by the more thought of returning to that hell-hole. Now, is that true or is it false?

The Bureau went over this whole matter some months ago, and cannot spare the space to republish it. The exchange of prisoners was interrupted because the rebels refused to recognize or treat colored men as soldiers, when captured in arms. Pres. Lincoln took prompt measures to secure recognition and humane treatment for colored soldiers, and he was sustained by a great majority of the people of the North. There was no other course for the government to pursue, because the law of nations, and the usages of civilized wars of war, as carried on by civilized powers, permit no distinction as to color in the treatment of prisoners of war as public enemies. That lie regarding Sec. Stanton has had its day, and no one believes now that he ever said or thought of such a thing.



HUMILIATING ERUPTIONS ITCHING AND BURNING TORTURES

AND EVERY SPECIES OF ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Inherited, Scrofulous and Contagious Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, from infancy to old age, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the CAUSE.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."

RHEUMATIC, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Sudden, Sharp and Nervous Pains instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever. —Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until with a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine I have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky. ††

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A Letter of the President of the World's W. C. T. U.

DEAR FELLOW WORKERS OF THE NATIONAL W. C. T. U.—In your choice of me as first head of the world's union of temperance women I see many causes for gratitude, encouragement and humility. While feeling my own inability to be a leader in such a great movement, I have accepted the honor you have put upon me, determined to do my utmost to serve you faithfully always that the honor will be shared by those whom I have the pleasure of representing—namely, the members of the British Woman's Temperance Association and of all the temperance women of England. It is indeed cause for joy and praise that our Father is so drawing together the hearts of those who serve Him on the two great nations we represent, that we can show to the world a great army of women united in their efforts to work for the protection of our homes by the overthrow of the liquor traffic. This we are trying to accomplish by moral suasion and educating the children, fitting them for their future responsibilities, and by working for the enfranchisement of women, which means the advancement of the civilization of the human race, and by doing all in our power "for God and home and humanity." With such united efforts shall we not take courage and go forward trusting in the strength of Him who has commissioned us, and supports us with these words, "Lo, I am with you always." We must ever remember there is still much to be done beyond our own dear lands, and we heartily join you in the desire to carry on this great work. Let us then be up and doing," in your great motto has come, and obey the Master's injunction, which precedes the promise of His presence. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Let us bear in mind that this union is, and must in its nature be, a missionary society, until it becomes a complete union of women all over the world; and while in each country we are trying to do our utmost to promote temperance in our own land, we must also do all we can to send out missionaries, and give them every encouragement when sent out, to those lands which have not yet felt the influences to which we owe so much.

Trusting that the union now formed may be a bond of mutual strength and help in the work to which we have all pledged ourselves,

I remain yours sincerely,
MARGARET BRIGHT LUCAS,
Pres. W. W. C. T. U.

London, Eng., Sept. 10, 1886.

—Catarrh is a constitutional disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constitutional remedy. It cures catarrh. Give it a trial.

MUCH TOO RETIRING.

Mr. Cleveland's Peculiar Way of Going to or Coming from the Cars.

According to the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *American*, the way the President persists in going to and coming from a railroad train is at length causing much talk. He invariably has his private carriage driven into the coal-yard alongside of the railroad track, or else makes the driver stand the horses on a side-track some distance from the depot proper. The reason this is done, it is stated, is because the President wishes to escape the crowd which usually awaits him when he leaves or arrives. But this seems strange, because the President generally manages to make his arrangements to go out of town unannounced, except on very few occasions. The cause of the talk against this foolish habit of making the carriage stand down the tracks, outside the station, was the narrow escape Mrs. Cleveland had on Thursday night, when she went down to meet the President on his return home. The driver drove to his usual place, on the side-tracks, and the horses became frightened at the engine, and the driver had hard work to quiet them. Even when the President crossed the tracks and tried to get into the carriage, the horses behaved so badly that it was some minutes before he could get in. If the President wishes to risk his life on car tracks rather than pass through a crowd of American citizens, of course it is nobody's business but his own, but certainly Mrs. Cleveland should not be placed in such a position.

"DON'T PAY A BIG PRICE!"

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WEALTHY RANCHMEN

Fight a Duel With Winchester Rifles—Fatal Result.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—A *Times* special from San Antonio, Texas, says: Information has reached here from Triotown, the seat of Trio county, of a duel which took place Friday afternoon in Zavalea county, near the county line, between two of the wealthiest ranchmen in Zavalea county—Hiram Bennett and John Rumfield. The men for several years were close friends and owned many cattle and sheep jointly. About a year ago they dissolved business relations, and a difficulty arose regarding the number of cattle in a certain bunch, which figured in their settlement at a valuation of $10,000.

The breach grew wider with time, each sending word that he meant to kill the other. Friday afternoon the two ranchmen with a few cowboys happened to meet near the edge of the little village of Batesville. They were both on horseback and carrying Winchesters. It was agreed that they should dismount and fire at the word of command from one of the cowboys. They stood about 100 yards apart. Both were crack shots, and each fired at the word. Bennett fell dead with a ball hole through his brain. One report says Rumfield was wounded in the thigh; another account says he is uninjured. No attempt has been made thus far to arrest Rumfield, who is on his ranch and would doubtless fight before being carried to jail. The dead man was worth about a quarter of a million dollars in cattle, sheep and lands. He leaves a family.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE trade reports for the past week record a more widespread check to the movement of general merchandise than heretofore noted, due in almost all instances to the combined influence of the election and a continuation of the unseasonably warm weather. The only exceptions are at Cincinnati, Chicago and St Joseph, where no special change is announced. The dry goods trade appears to feel the halt in buying as much as any one line. Raw wool is quiet in all markets. There is an outlook for increased activity, and prices are well held, though soft in spots. Fine, fine medium and territory wools are noticeably weaker.

THE business failures for the past week in the United States and Canada show a decrease, there being a total of 186, mostly in the South and West. The previous week they amounted to 215, and the week before that to 198.

THE decrease in the public debt during the month of October was about $13,000,000.

BAR silver is $1 an ounce in New York. This is an advance of 8 cents from the lowest price. An ounce is 480 grains. The standard dollar is 412½ grains, 900 fine. The silver bullion in the dollar is therefore worth a little over 77½ cents.

AMERICAN merchants believe that the importation of gold from Europe will continue for some time to come. The influx of gold, they argue, is not only an evidence of our good credit abroad, but is also a proof that prosperous times are here and likely to remain to bless us. Those who have quietly plodded along through the the years of business depression will now see the wisdom of their faith and works in the present happy condition of affairs and go on building up trade on solid basis.

IT is a fact worth noting that there is no remarkable an increase in the production of gold, especially in Africa, that the value of that metal, compared with silver, threatens to depreciate. Such a result will solve the silver problem in an unlooked-for way.

THE meteorological summary of the United States signal service for last month shows it to have been the warmest October recorded. The next highest was in 1881, when the comparative mean temperature was 47.5 degrees, while this year the mean was 57.5, or more than ten degrees higher. The lowest was in 1880, which was 40.2. There were no extremes of heat or cold, he highest being 83.2, on the 13th, and the lowest 33.3, on the 17th.

THE violent gales that have been sweeping over the upper lakes since Thursday last have done more damage to navigation than the storms of all the rest of this season put together.

WHEREVER the people of the country had their attention sharply drawn to the trend of the Democratic policy in the direction of free trade, disguised under the name of "tariff reform," the Democratic Congressional nominees were either defeated or received an election by much diminished majorities. The tariff was the leading, in fact the only issue in the Toledo district, and HURD went down. It was so in MORRISON'S district, and the "horizontal reducer" was knocked out. It was so in Virginia, and six Republicans were elected to four Democrats of the ten Congressmen from that state. It was so in CARLISLE'S district, and he had a very narrow escape—and there is ground for believing that he was only "counted in" by manipulating the votes of the rural precincts when it was found that Covington and Newport were going heavily in favor of his opponent. Protection appeals to the masses, and where they were aroused to the insidious advances of free trade, they promptly defeated the free trade Democratic candidates.

A SENSATIONAL report comes from New York that mutual friends are endeavoring to bring about a reconciliation between GEORGE JONES, of the New York *Times*, and Mr. BLAINE, and also between the latter and ROSCOE CONKLING.

THE defeat of the Democratic advocates of free trade by the votes of workingmen is one of the most significant things of the election.

HENRY GEORGE is a blunt man in stating his views. A proposition was made to him to run as the Democratic candidate for the Congressional seat made vacant by HEWITT'S election to the mayoralty of New York. His answer was, "I would not accept a nomination from the rotten Democracy."

THE decrease in the Democratic majority in New York city from 135,000 last year to 90,000 this, has the effect of modifying hilarity over HEWITT'S election to the mayoralty.

CLEVELAND sat up till 3 o'clock on election night poring over the returns, and it is said that he remarked before retiring: "Wherever there has been defeat in Democratic Congressional districts, there has also been trouble over the patronage."

ALTHOUGH the old rebel boast that "one Southerner could whip a dozen Yankees," was proved false on many a well-fought field, the fact remains that in the Congressional elections on Tuesday a Southern Bourbon wielded double the power of a Northern voter. By the suppression of the colored vote of the South, it only requires an average of 7,699 votes to carry a congressional district, while in the North the average is 16,873 votes. The Solid South is still a political entity, and a menace to free institutions.

THE fact is clearly shown that wherever protection was made an issue in the Congressional canvass, there were heavy gains over the Democrats. Virginia has elected six Republicans to Congress, a gain of four. Protection was the issue that elected them.

THE next session of Parliament convenes on January 8. The Tories will introduce three important measures—the first relating to the allotment of lands; the second extending the powers of the local governments, and the third relating to tithes The bills are all Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S bantlings. SALISBURY will introduce in the House of Lords a bill making tithes a charge against the landlord instead of against the tenant, as at present.

THE Comptroller of the Currency says the volume of notes of national banks now outstanding amounts to about $217,000,000, but that some of the banks have given notice of their determination to go out of business rather than replace with higher interest the called 3 per cents on deposit with the treasury to secure their circulation.

THE wheat in the ground is believed to be very generally damaged by dry weather.

AFFAIRS in Eastern Europe do not grow any less threatening than they were last week. Russian demands upon Bulgaria grow more and more exacting. Her ships are concentrating at Varna, and all of her movements point to a determination to plant her foot upon Bulgaria, and maintain it there until the latter cease struggling. Meanwhile the regency holds its own in a most plucky manner, having carried out its intentions with regard to the meeting of the Sobranje in spite of Russia's opposition. It stirred up a strong anti-Russian spirit at the elections, but the trouble now to be feared is, that it will be carried so far as to give the Czar a pretext for intertering with the actions of the Assembly. Notwithstanding Russia's asseverations that she does not intend to push matters to extremities, the fact is apparent that she is only waiting for the opportunity.

THE obstacle that now stands in the way of Russia's plottings is the opposition of England and Austria. It is said that the former has determined upon a demand for an immediate conference of the Powers at Constantinople "to consider the Bulgarian situation, and to demand a suspension of Russian intervention pending the decision of the Conference." Should this be agreed to her hands will be tied for a season. It is possible that she may conclude an acquiesent course to be the wisest for her at present. Italy and Turkey are disposed to take the view of England of the matter. Germany and France are so busy watching each other that they have not made their position known, but Austria is open and unqualified in opposition.

THE strong feeling against Russia, which is directing Austrian movements, seems to be more Hungarian than Austrian proper. The key to this is the intense hatred felt towards the Russians because of their part in defeating the revolt of Hungary against the Austrian government in 1848, which might otherwise have succeeded. Since that time the Hungarians have regarded Russia as a bitter enemy. They have little affection for the Hapsburg rule, for though they have a semblance of a separate government at Buda-Pesth, they are obliged to acknowledge the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH as sovereign. He has, however, by his kindness, managed to secure a considerable degree of loyalty from the younger Hungarians. The people of Hungary also hate Russia for the annihilation of Poland, which they have always regarded with affection. They know that Russia would gladly serve them the same way, for to "the Muscovite the continued existence of Hungary means a permanent division of the power of the Slavic world; the separation of the Western Slavs from the Eastern; the subjection of Galician Pole, Slovak, Czech, Croat and Bosnak to a dynasty antagonistic to the Romanoffs; the isolation of Montenegro; the importance of Servia; the separate existence of Bulgaria; a check to Russian advance across the Balkans, and a menace to Russian sway in Poland itself."

THERE seems little doubt that Gen. KAULBERS is determined to force the Bulgarian assembly to name a candidate for the throne who will be acceptable to Russia, or else to provoke the people into making hostile demonstrations which will justify the landing of troops, and a military occupation of the country. He has the assistance of ZANKOFF, the most active of the conspirators against Prince ALEXANDER, who was screened from punishment by Russian intervention. The safety of Bulgaria now seems to depend upon the firmness of Austria.

LATEST advices seem to show that the Czar means to entrust the management of the government of Bulgaria to a Russian senator until a new prince is elected. As it is the intention to put off the election as far as possible, this would give Russia an indefinite hold upon Bulgaria. The latter country is now under military rule.

THE result of the Leed's conference of English Liberals has been to infuse a new spirit into the Home Rule movement. There was not the slightest evidence of an intention to build a single bridge for the return of the dissentients into the party. In fact the feeling seems to be that of disdain for their conduct, and a desire to keep them out. There was but one voice as to the question of legislative independence for Ireland. Disestablishment in Wales was supported, free schools favored, and other radical changes hinted at. It will be impossible for the Tories to play any further in their game of Radicalism, for they dare not, even to break the influence of the Liberal party and to hold the dissentients.

THE policy of the Tory government in Ireland has made a complete agrarian revolution there. Instead of coercing the people, it is coercing the landlords, with the hope of preventing disturbances, so that it can be shown that Ireland can be governed without coercion and without Home Rule. The test, however, of this policy will come this month, when the great body of rent is to be collected. It is not at all likely that the landlords will quietly acquiesce in the present policy and then the real difficulty of the government will begin.

MR. GLADSTONE WAS recently approached with reference to his acceptence of a national memorial should it be offered to him. He refused the compliment even though it should come from a large proportion of the people, which he did not believe would be the case.

THE impending election for members of the Diet in Bavaria is arousing a great deal of interest. The campaign has already opened, although there is still a year before the expiration of the legal term of that body. The death of King LUDWIG has made this haste necessary.

AN exhibition of French and Indo-Chinese products is to be held in Hanoi, Tonquin, next January, with the object of extending the market for French goods.

THE Sandwich Islands have a new ministry.

And She Got It—Mrs. Cleveland Tries the Same Game.

The firm of lawyers from which Pres. Cleveland graduated into his present high office, still maintains its organization and stand standing in the profession. The gentleman who succeeded to the President's place in the firm and who is best know to the Democratic masses as the Tall Sycamore of Erie county, besides being a good lawyer and astute politician, is also the father of one of the prettiest blue-eyed and blonde-haired little lasses that ever found her way to old Max's bachelor heart. This little maid has reached the mature age of four years. Sometimes she comes to the historical office in the West block to pay her respects to the members of the firm and incidentally to bring a bit of sunshine into the ordinary gloom of professional work.

Occasionally when business is brisk and the private office of her respected sire is thronged with clients or prominent Democrats, the little maid drifts into the *sanctasanctorum* (revised edition) of the other partners.

The senior partner of the firm, although somewhat more plump and somewhat less bald-headed than Max, resembles him in that he too is a bachelor with a bachelor's fondness for attractive children. On one of the occasions when the Tall Sycamore's little girl was at the office, her father was busy with a number of gentlemen. The little lass wandered into the senior's office and entered into conversation with that gentleman.

After the manner of lawyers he managed to get into her confidence, and after the manner of her sex she poured into the professional bosom the narrative of her woes, and besought the counsel of her learned friend.

Briefly stated, her case was this: She wanted a goat. She had made several motions to that effect in the paternal court, but on one pretext or another the hearings had been adjourned and postponed to an extent which made her doubtful of ever securing a decision in the matter.

Having accepted a kiss as a retainer in the case, the President's former partner proceeded to advise his fair client. His legal intellect grasped the situation at once. His experienced and quick-working mind immediately seized upon the remedy.

"The thing for you to do," said he, "is this: Go right into your papa's office and, no matter who is there, tell him you want a goat. If you only tell him once he may not hear you, so you had better tell him several times. Yes, you had better keep on telling him until you are sure he understands you."

The little woman opened her big, blue eyes in admiration of her lawyer's ability, and immediately proceeded to act on his office. She marched soberly into her father's office intent upon her mission. So absorbed was she in her purpose that she paid no attention to the seven or eight prominent railroad men who were receiving and treasuring the precious and expensive words of counsel falling from the lips of the Tall Sycamore. She lifted her dimpled chin to the level of the paternal desk and remarked in bell-like tones, "Papa, I want a goat." The matter under discussion was an important one and her remark was not noticed. She resumed:

"Papa, I want a goat. I want a goat, I want a goat, I want a goat. I want a goat, I want a goat, papa. I want a goat, I want a goat, papa. Papa, I want a goat. I want a goat, I want a goat, papa, I want a goat, papa, papa, I want a ——"

"Here! You run along into the other room like a good girl and you shall *have* a goat." It had at least been made clear to the paternal mind that something was wanted and wanted badly. After the daughter had disappeared the father was heard to remark that he supposed that was one of his partner's jokes.

The little maid returned to her adviser's office and told him of the success of the mission

"You know how to get goats," she remarked approvingly and rewarded the lawyer in a coin which usually does not pass current in law-offices.

An account of this occurrence traveled to the White House, and naturally came to Mrs. Cleveland's ears. "Mrs. President Cleveland" as some people designate her, was very desirous of owning a Kentucky saddle-horse. Her appeals for the luxury had been in vain. A few days ago she was driving with the President and some friends.

"I want a saddle-horse," she remarked to the former. This statement did not seem to evoke any great amount of enthusiasm on the part of the person to whom it was addressed. She repeated it. The customary stolidity. Over a year's experience with office-seekers was not without its results.

"I want a saddle-horse. I want a saddle-horse, I want a saddle-horse, I want a saddle-horse. I want a—"

It is said that Mrs. Cleveland is to have a saddle-horse, and that the individual at the White House who imported the story from Buffalo is to be banished to a foreign mission—one of the missions where there are cannibals.—*Buffalo Express.*

CHILDREN'S CUTE SAYINGS.

Some of the Smart Remarks of Little Prattlers.

A little boy who was to pass the afternoon with the doctor's little daughter was given two pieces of candy. When he returned his mother inquired if he gave the larger piece to the little girl. "No, mother, didn't; you told me to give the biggest piece to the company, and I was the company over there."

Mamma, coming into the room, finds Fanny playing with the contents of the sewing machine drawers, and rathe sharply orders her away. Fanny continue her play calmly and says: "Have patience, mamma, have patience!"

Little Louisa, not three years old, was observed as she sat at the table to attempt to spit with great energy into the corner of her bib, and when asked what she was doing, said: "I trying to spit out my teeth as Aunt Mary Ann does." Poor Aunt Mary Ann's false teeth hurt her, so she slyly slipped them out into her napkin while she sat down to the table, fondly hoping she was unobserved, but the little one's sharp eyes had seen her.

Seven-year-old Johnny is fond of long words. He heard his mother telling of a man who swallowed his false teeth in his sleep. "Did he have to take an epidemic?" he anxiously inquired. He asked his mother the other day, if you could tell just what second a person died. His mother thought not. "Then why does it say in the paper, 'Died on the 22d inst?'"

Little Robbie P—— first looked out on a snow-covered world when he was two years and one month old. "Soap-suds, mamma, soap-suds!" he exclaimed, and when she took him out he would not be set down in the snow, but drew up his little feet and clung screaming to her. Finally she set him down in the snow, and in a moment his tears and fears vanished, and he was delighted. He evidently had thought there was an unknown depth of water under the "suds."

Only a Step.

When catarrh has progressed to a certain extent, it is only a step to that terribly fatal disease, consumption. If you have catarrh, even slightly, *it is a terrible mistake* to allow it to continue its course unchecked. If you will only read, you will find conclusive reasons why you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, in the statements of many people who have been completely cured of this disease in its most severe forms. Send for book containing abundant evidence, to C. I. Hood & Co., proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass.

What's in a Name?

"If there's anything in this world that I do like to see," said a railroader, "it is an appropriate name for a railroad. What, for instance, is the sense in naming a little one-horse railroad that runs from Chicago ten or fifteen miles north the Chicago, Evanston & Lake Superior railroad? As a matter of fact, very few of our Western roads are properly named. Illinois Central is good, and so is Chicago & Northwestern, but Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and Chicago & Alton are not well named. The roads have outgrown the

WRITE at once for our especial terms to Agents. We are paying very liberally for work for the BLADE this year. One person at each postoffice can make a nice thing taking care of the BLADE'S circulation, this winter. We want a tremendous increase, and we are willing to pay liberally for it.

THE efforts of the Democracy, since the election last week, have been devoted to the attempt to steal state legislatures enough to capture, as near as may be, the Senate of the United States. Active work has been done in New Jersey, Indiana and California, in each of which it is probable the Republicans elected a fair and square majority. It is a repetition of the tactics which the coal-oil gang of Ohio used last fall, in order to prevent the return of JOHN SHERMAN to the Senate, and against which the Republicans fought so sturdily that the trick was a failure.

THE St. Louis sugar refinery, the largest in the West, has shut down, owing to its inability to compete with the Sandwich Islands raw sugar.

FREE TRADE DECLINING.

The intense anxiety of MORRISON, HURD, CARLISLE, and other conspicuous apostles of free trade to rush into publicity with alleged reasons for their defeat or for the great losses the vote exhibits, shows that they wish to screen the true reason, which is, simply, that they were free traders. Wherever the tariff issue was made prominent the Democratic losses were immense. The people were informed, by the press and campaign speakers, of the dangers that menace the country from the machinations of the free trade fanatics. The fact was seen that the efforts in Congress every winter to pass some measure which would strike a deadly blow at protection paralyzes business; for no sane man will invest money in an extensive industrial plant when the danger threatens that Congress will pass a bill which will enable British manufacturers to undersell him in the same line—nor will any wise manufacturer run his mill or factory during the dull season in order to accumulate a large stock that he may have to sell at a loss.

In the winter of 1883-84 the famous MORRISON "horizontal reduction bill," which made a reduction of 20 per cent. on all duties was debated for months in Congress, and finally failed. Last winter MORRISON brought up another reduction scheme, and HEWITT and others introduced various measures, which were, by the committee, incorporated into the MORRISON bill. It failed, and the free trade press held every Democrat who opposed it, from RANDALL down, up to the reprobation of the Democratic party, and demanded their defeat at the hands of the people. The result of the battle of the ballots is that all the leading free traders are either beaten, or returned by such narrow margins that the victory is as humiliating as a defeat. Also, be it remembered, that RANDALL and his friends who were renominated were elected.

The net result is, that the country will have a rest for a least three winters. It is hardly possible that the free-traders can induce the Democratic majority in the present House to attempt any reduction scheme the coming winter. The House of the Fiftieth Congress will have a majority of protectionist members, and may readjust the tariff wherever it needs it. There are some inequalities which need regulating, and we should be glad to see the tariff revised in conformity with the maxim that the difference in cost of production in foreign countries and in the United States should be the measure of the amount of protection. If the tariff needs revision, it must be done by its friends, and not by its enemies. As MR. ROMEIS remarked, "A parent does not trust a child to the care of one who is its enemy, and who would gladly see it die." A political revolution has begun which has "protection to American industry" for its watchword.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Send us, please, the name and address of every friend you have in the world, to whom we may send specimen copies of the WEEKLY BLADE. It makes no difference where they are located, north, south, east or west, for the BLADE circulates in every state and territory, and, by the way it is the only paper that does. Send in the names and do your friends a favor. You can get a great many addresses on a postal card.

ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEARD.

"LAMONT," said the President.

"Sir?" responded the aid to the administration, rather surprised at being addressed in this unusual manner.

"Is it true that Sen. SHERMAN has been telling the people of Ohio that five votes in the South will count as many as seven in the North, at the next Presidential election?"

"It is," replied DAN.

"Has Ohio gone Republican?"

"Yes, and nearly every other Northern state, by large majorities."

"Well," said the President, mutingly, "I'm d—d sorry I didn't let Mrs. CLEVELAND go to Richmond."

OUR NATIONAL DOMAIN.

The report of Commissioner SPARKS, of the General Land office, detailing operations of the office during the last fiscal year, is of more than usual interest. The sales, entries and selection of public land embrace 20,991,967 acres. The receipts from the disposal of public lands were $7,412,767. Of Indian lands there were 1,132,596 acres disposed of, the receipts of which amounted to $607,729. On the subject of fraudulent entries the report says:

Four thousand and seventeen cases were referred for examination, and 8,073 were investigated and reported; 3,227 cases have been acted upon in this office during the year; 1,168 entries have been finally cancelled, embracing about 170,000 acres misappropriated by fraudulent entries, which have thus been restored to settlement; 1,485 cases, involving 225,000 acres, have been held for cancellation.

On the much discussed matter of unlawful enclosure the commissioner says:

Three hundred and seventy-five unlawful enclosures containing an area of some 6,410,000 acres have been brought to my attention up to the present time. Proceedings to compel removal of fences have been brought or recommended in 83 cases, involving 2,250,000 acres. Final decrees ordering removals have been obtained in 18 cases, involving more than 1,000,000 acres. Two hundred and forty-seven cases, embracing 750,000 acres, are pending examination. The total area over which fences have been or are being removed is 2,714,326 acres, mostly in Colorado.

Twelve hundred and nineteen cases of timber depredations have been reported, involving a value in timber and timber products amounting to $8,338,679, recoverable to the United States. The amount accepted in propositions of settlement is about $201,000, leaving over $8,000,000 in value for the recovery of which legal proceedings have been instituted or recommended by this office. Depredations upon the public timber by powerful corporations, wealthy mill owners, lumber companies and unscrupulous monopolists, though to a certain degree checked, are still being committed to an alarming extent and great public detriment.

The large importance of forest reservations is recognized, and the recommendations which have been generally made to Congress in the matter for the last two or three years are renewed.

THOSE desiring any of our books or pictures for holiday presents should order immediately, to make sure of receiving them.

THE New York *News*, in discussing the fact that Mr. GEORGE is a free trader, declares that if his canvass for the mayoralty had been made on a free trade basis, his vote "would have been nearer 7,000 than 70,000." Of course the mayor of New York has no power in the tariff matter. Had GEORGE been a candidate for Congress, the question of free trade would have been the leading one in the campaign. The *News* goes on to say:

It is certain that the Democratic party can-[illegible] victorious on a free trade platform. Our mechanics will not support candidates who are in favor of admitting free of duty such articles as will place them in competition with the cheap labor of Europe. They are largely composed of men of good sense, and no amount of sophistry can convince them that they will be benefited by cheapening the articles they make.

THE statement has been widely circulated by the Democratic press, on the authority of the New York *World*, that Mr. POWDERLY is now a free trader. The gentleman writes a card to the *World* emphatically deny this, in which he says:

I am a protectionist from the top of my head to the bottom of my foot. I have experienced no change of heart or sentiment on the question of protection. The country is not ready for free trade, and until it is I will be a protectionist.

THE attempt of the Massachusetts Democrats to carry that state by nominating for governor a son of the great Republican war governor, JOHN A. ANDREW, has failed. OLIVER AMES, the regular Republican candidate, was elected, despite the fact that every mugwump in that commonwealth of mugwumps gave ANDREW his warmest support.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

The returns are yet not all in, so that an exact review can not be given of the net result of the elections of November 2. Still, we can approximate very nearly. Of the states which held elections for state officers on that day, the Republicans elected their state tickets in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin. In New Hampshire and Connecticut there was no choice of state officers by the people, but the Republican candidates will be elected by the state legislatures, in both of which the party has a decided majority. The state of Indiana is claimed by both parties, and so is Minnesota, with the chances in favor of the Republicans. Frauds are charged in Northern Minnesota, and in Indianapolis a committee of one hundred citizens has been organized to prevent bold frauds in the official canvass in the interests of the Democracy. The Democrats elected state officers in Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, West Virginia, and possibly in California, where the election is so close that only the official returns will determine the result.

The Democrats sustain serious losses in the House of Representatives, not only in numbers but in their personnel. Their majority in the next House, even at their own estimate, is only 10, and among the shining Democratic lights of the House who have been defeated by the people, are RANDOLPH TUCKER of Virginia, WARNER of Ohio, SINGLETON of Mississippi, AIKEN of South Carolina, THOCKMORTON of Texas, BRAGG of Wisconsin, and MORRISON of Illinois. CARLISLE of Kentucky is elected, on the face of the returns, by a very much reduced majority, and THOMPSON, the labor and Republican candidate against him, will contest his seat, alleging frauds in the count in the back counties This contest will prevent CARLISLE'S re-election as Speaker.

Thus it will be seen that the free trade Democratic leaders received a severe rebuke at the polls. FRANK HURD, the great free trader, was again defeated in his effort to reach the House by ROMEIS, the present member, from the Tenth Ohio (Toledo) district, by a majority over seven times greater than that of 1884, when it was 239. HEWITT, the New York free trade leader, being elected mayor of that city, his seat is now to be filled. "SUNSER" Cox returns to Congress from New York. There is a gain of Republican Congressmen in Virginia on the tariff issue, and where the tariff was made prominent the Democrats were either defeated or elected by much reduced majorities. RANDALL, the great protectionist Democrat, is re-elected.

None of the more prominent Republicans have failed of re-election, the chief exceptions being NEGLEY, of Pennsylvania; JAMES, of New York; ANDERSON, of Kansas, and RANNEY, of Massachusetts. The leaders, REED, KELLEY, HISCOCK, LONG, PHELPS and MCKINLEY, are all returned. The results of the Congressional elections are decidedly favorable to the Republicans, and give them the advantage for 1888.

In the present House there are 184 Democrats and 141 Republicans—a Democratic majority of 43. The returns so far indicate that this will be whittled down to 10—Democrats 166, Republicans 156 two Representatives elected on the labor ticket, and one vacancy—HEWITT'S.

The present Senate stands 42 Republicans and 34 Democrats. MAHONE, one of the Virginia Readjusters, will be succeeded by a Democrat, the election being held last winter by the legislature. Counting the Indiana and New Jersey legislatures as Democratic, and those of Nevada and California as Republican, the new Senate will stand 40 Republicans and 36 Democrats, a Republican majority of four.

The most interesting contest on November 2, by all odds, to the country at large, was that for the mayoralty in New York. The Democrats nominated Congressman HEWITT, the Republicans THEODORE ROOSEVELT, and the Labor party HENRY GEORGE, the famous reformer. The vote was a surprise to everybody, the figures standing: HEWITT, 91,265; GEORGE, 68,242; ROOSEVELT, 60,507. There were two Representatives in Congress elected by the Labor party—one in Wisconsin and one in Virginia. Hence we may consider that a new political party is born—a distinctive "organized-labor" party. It will be a factor not to be despised in all calculations on the Presidential election of 1888. We shall discuss this movement at length in the near future.

OHIO REPRESENTATIVES.

The Ohio delegation to the Fiftieth Congress will be composed of fifteen Republicans and six Democrats. The roll stands as follows:

Dist.	Republican.	Democrat.
1	Benj. Butterworth*	
2	Charles E. Brown*	
3	E. S. Williams	
4		S. S. Yoder.
5		
6		George E. Seney.*
7	M. Boothman	
8	Robert Kennedy	J. E. Campbell.*
9	W. C. Cooper*	
10	Jacob Romeis*	
11	A. C. Thompson	
12	J. J. Pugsley	
13		J. H. Outhwaite.*
14	Chas. P. Wickham	
15	C. H. Grosvenor	Beriah Wilkins.*
16		
17	J. D. Taylor	
18	William McKinley*	
19	Ezra B. Taylor*	
20	George W. Crouse	
21		M. A. Foran.*

*Members of present House.
†Member of a previous House.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

If you contemplate purchasing a Sewing Machine this winter, order the Blade Machine, at once, that you may be sure of getting it in time. It gives absolute satisfaction, and we sell it for $18, with the WEEKLY BLADE, one year. It is the best and cheapest reliable Machine on the market. Order at once, and save money.

AFTER all the trouble, expense, parade and fire-works about BARTHOLDI'S statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," it fails to light even New York harbor. The electric sparks from the torch glimmer faintly, and have the grotesque effect of throwing a shadow on the goddess's face, which looks as if she wore a beard. It is estimated that it will cost $15,000 to rectify the blunder, and where will poor New York get the money? A new subscription will have to be started.

THE fact should be noted that the result in Ohio shows that the Dow law for the taxation of the liquor traffic is endorsed by the people. The Saloonkeepers' associations everywhere declared in favor of the Democracy on account of this law, yet the outcome shows that the people are satisfied with it. The saloonists will please take warning, and "step up to the captain's office and settle," as they used to say on the Ohio river steamboats.

WHILE visiting Washington a few weeks ago Mr. SMALLS, (colored), the present member of the National House from the Seventh district of South Carolina, said that an organized effort would be made this year to count him out, and from the dispatches it seems that the effort proved successful. The Seventh district, it will be remembered, is known as the "black district," and comprises a region along the coast, densely populated by negroes.

IT is stated that Sen. JONES has no possible chance of re-election from Florida, whose legislature is almost solidly Democratic. Sen. JONES is the gentleman who made such a blooming idiot of himself all last winter, in dogging a Detroit girl who repelled his matrimonial advances.

THE great telephone controversy will not come before the Supreme court till after the February recess.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BLADE.

We call especial attention to the advertisement on the fifth page announcing the giving away, this winter, of something over $2,000 in premiums for raising clubs for the WEEKLY BLADE. No more liberal offer was ever made by any newspaper and it should result in an enormous increase in the circulation of the BLADE—the Old Reliable Family Newspaper. Some one is going to get a $650 Piano, somebody is going to get a first-class Cabinet Organ, some one will get a first-class Singer Sewing Machine, and scores will receive other premiums, every one of which is of positive value. In addition to these extra premiums, every one who interests him, or her, self in the matter gets very liberal pay for what they do, whether they secure a premium or not.

Now what you want to do is to get our terms to agents, and get to work. Those who already have them, should commence on receipt of this number of the paper.

The awards of these extra Premiums will be made May first. The field is open to everybody, men, women and children, and the rewards are rich. A $650 Piano is not picked up every day, nor is any other of the beautiful articles we propose to give away. Begin your work now.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

The citizens of the Dominion are getting up steam for a general Parliamentary election, which is their most important campaign, being the same as a Presidential election with us. The legal term of a Canadian Parliament is five years, and the present one, which was elected in the summer of 1882, will not become officially defunct until next year. But no British Parliament in modern times and no Canadian Parliament has ever expired by limitation of time. The elections have always been held after a formal dissolution of the House of Commons, due either to a government defeat or to a desire on the part of the government to take advantage of what they deem a favorable opportunity for appealing to the people for an endorsement of their political course.

It is probable that an election will be held in December for members of the Parliament which is to meet in February. Sir JOHN MACDONALD has evidently considered carefully the recent Conservative defeat in Quebec, and has apparently arrived at the conclusion that it is better to face the inevitable now rather than wait until after another session, when new questions may have arisen and new issues may be raised. The Quebec election turned almost wholly on the RIEL execution, and the Canadian premier no doubt thinks that a Conservative defeat in Quebec, brought about by such a cause, will be rather likely to strengthen his government in the other provinces. To an outside observer it would seem that the Canadian Liberals had benefitted themselves very little by their treatment of the RIEL question. The experience of this, as of all other nations, goes to show that parties which assume an attitude which is even to a slight degree disloyal, or which has the appearance of it, are only forging weapons for their own destruction.

Apart from the RIEL matter, which is after all merely a side issue, the result of the election will be decided by the financial and commercial policy of the government. Up to 1878 Canada had a tariff for revenue only, but the result of the elections of that year led to the adoption of what became known as the "national policy," under the influence of which all Canadian industries were aided by a high protective tariff. Duties on imports, which had ranged from 12½ to 17½ per cent, were suddenly raised to 30 and, in some cases, 40 per cent. The fact that this increased tariff affected British as well as American goods does not seem to have had any influence on its framers, but it derived some importance from the attempt of certain commercial gentlemen in England to bring pressure to bear on Canada to reduce her tariff. The British government of that day, although a Tory one, had too much sense to be moved by such an appeal, and so Canada was permitted to do as she pleased, fortunately.

In the coming elections the Liberals will attempt to prove that the protective tariff has been a failure, and they will make a strong stand on the rapidly growing debt of Canada, which now amounts to about $250,000,000. No doubt there has been great extravagance in the existing Government, but the people of Canada generally are of the opinion that while they have expended a good deal of money they have also something to show for it. The Canadian Conservatives will point to the completion of the Canadian Pacific railway, the most stupendous work ever undertaken by man, as a proof that their policy has been, at least in some degree, successful.

A NEW FEATURE.

A Continued Story by One of the Most Popular of English Novelists.

We have just received from the London publishers advance sheets of an excellent story, by one of the most popular and widely-read of modern English novelists, which we will begin publishing in the next issue of the BLADE. It will run through four or five numbers, and will probably be succeeded by others from the pens of the best English writers.

BY the will of the late Mrs. A. T. STEWART, liberal bequests are made to relatives, and one-half of the residuary estate is devoted to the completion of the Garden City memorial cathedral church, and for educational institutions in connection with the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Long Island.

CARL SCHURZ aided in HEWITT'S campaign in New York, and is now landed safely within the Democratic party. It is to be hoped that he will stay there. We will then at least know where to locate him in the future.

FRIENDS of Mr. CARLISLE say that he and his wife are deeply chagrined at the result of the Congressional election, and they will leave Kentucky forever and make their future home with their sons in Kansas.

CAPT. SCOTT, of the Canadian fisheries police, makes a significant admission. He says the whole British navy cannot keep the American fishermen out of Canadian waters.

AT last the German press has begun to call Russia to account for her high-handed proceedings in Bulgaria. It is believed to be done with official sanction.

SCORE one to CLEVELAND'S modesty. He has notified the authorities of Harvard College that he don't want the degree of LL. D conferred upon him.

THE great cathedral at Gran, Hungary, was badly damaged by fire a day or two since, and narrowly escaped total destruction.

THE American Humane association will hold its tenth annual meeting at Cincinnati November 17, 18 and 19.

THE contract convict labor system in Illinois is abolished by a constitutional amendment, adooted November 2.

A STEAMSHIP line has been established between Newport News, Va., and Liverpool.

"PARISIAN SKETCHES."

Next week we shall commence the first of Mr. LOCKE'S series of Parisian Sketches, and continue them all winter. They will be found to be not only interesting and amusing, but instructive, and will make a valuable feature of the BLADE this season.

A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

A series of articles has been commenced in the New York *Tribune*, written by Mrs. HELEN CAMPBELL, to show exactly what the condition of working women in that great city is. She will write, not from hearsay evidence, but from what she herself sees in the visits she will make wherever there is an opportunity to gain knowledge upon the subject.

Few people who have given the matter only cursory thought have any realization of the depth of misery into which very many working women are plunged, not only in New York, but in other large cities as well. They are obliged to live upon the merest pittance, for the competition is so great, especially in the unskilled labor market, that the prices paid for work are almost nominal. In some establishments brutal employers grind their helpless woman workers down to starvation wages, and often cheat them out of even these small sums earned, which hardly suffice to keep soul and body together. And matters seem to be growing worse instead of better, and the bitterness of spirit engendered by such hard lives are forcing women, as well as men, into the ranks of those who are crying out against the existing state of things, making another step possible, that which will array them in opposition to law.

Mrs. CAMPBELL has been commissioned to study this difficult social problem in all its phases, and present it to the public, with the hope that the conscience and intelligence of the latter will be stimulated to a remedial action, that is so necessary. Such action can only be undertaken after wise thought and careful consideration. Then, when the great metropolis has set the example, other cities may follow in its wake, and offer some protection to a class compelled to labor for their daily bread, and with no power to resist oppression.

The closing paragraph of an editorial in the *Tribune* regarding Mrs. CAMPBELL'S work puts the case as follows:

As to the gravity of the subject there can be no question, and it is becoming more serious and more pressing continually. It is literally true that chattel slavery never involved such unmitigated suffering as a large percentage of our workingwomen endure. It is not less literally true that human beings thus chained to the oar can by no possibility develop their higher faculties. They can only be either drudges or dangers. They are, in fact, prisoners of poverty, and in them the New World has reproduced the saddest and most deplorable conditions of the Old one.

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS.

If you want to make your winter's pocket money write us for our special terms to agents. We shall pay more liberally for work for the BLADE this winter than any paper in the country. Drop a postal card asking for terms, and it will pay you

RAMBLER'S NOTE BOOK.

A Summer Vacation in Norway—The Luncheon at Kjos—A Dissertation on the Bread and Porridge of the Norwegian Peasant—The Ride to Hellesylt.

FOURTH NOTE.

The station-master of Kyos was a brisk little fellow who hustled around most industriously but seemed to be unable to accomplish anything. He left us standing there in the rain in front of his hostelry while he went off to see about carrioles for us to continue our journey. In a few minutes he came back and in very lame English gave us to understand that it would take some time to get the outfits ready and that we had better go into the house and wait. As we had made an early start that morning and had had but an indifferent breakfast his suggestion was acted upon with avidity and we were soon divested of our wet-clinging wraps and comfortably installed before a rousing fire in the little room back of the house which served as office, sitting-room and dining-room.

At Gordon's suggestion a pot of tea was made, and, with a great platter heaped up with *fa' brod*, we made ourselves as comfortable as possible.

"This *fa' brod* is very good, isn't it?" murmured Gordon, as he took a great sheet fully a foot square and dipped one corner into his fragrant tea. "It's mighty good, but it takes a frightful amount of it to satisfy the cravings of a hungry man. Now just imagine a man working hard all day in the fields and then coming home to a meal of this brittle stuff. No wonder the Norwegians have that gaunt, underfed appearance if they have to live upon this kind of bread."

"My dear Gordon," said Adams, "don't complain of *fa' brod*. Wait until you have tasted *fodgrod*, or 'poor man's food,' as it is commonly called, and then I venture to say you will declare *fa' brod* most excellent stuff. The first time I visited Norway, some years ago, I was inclined, as are you now, to rail against *fa' brod*, but *fodgrod* cured me very quickly. After we get up in the Romsdal we shall undoubtedly be treated to it, and then you may see for yourself. The first dish I ever ate, I though delicious. But we were out in the country and were obliged to eat it three times a day, whether we wanted it or not, and I assure you I came to hate the very name of *fodgrod*."

"I can't imagine my genial friend, Adams, hating anything," said Gordon. "Whatever could it have been to inspire hatred in him?"

"It is a dish upon which the poorer peasants subsist almost entirely. I suppose that they get accustomed to it, and learn by dint of long years of practice to like it. But to me it became very distasteful in a very short time. The sturdy housewife sets about making this article of food by taking a pint of the richest cream, which she boils in a tin vessel placed in boiling water."

"But where do these poor peasants buy their rich, heavy cream?" interrupted Gordon.

"You will discover, after you have traveled a bit in Norway, and care to exercise such powers of observation as you may be fortunate enough to possess, that even the humblest peasant has a cow or two. The knowledge of that fact will, perhaps, enable you to comprehend that these poor people are not dependent upon the daily visits of 'milk venders,'" and Adams took a sip of tea and meditatively broke off a square section of *fa' brod*.

"I beg pardon, I'm sure," said Gordon, "I merely asked for information, and I knew of no one who could impart it more fully or more satisfactorily than yourself. What becomes of the cream after it is boiled?"

"They stir in wheat flour, after adding a little salt, until the whole mass is smooth. The drops of butter that rise as it boils are skimmed off, and carefully saved. More flour is stirred in until it becomes quite thick and then it is thinned by hot boiled milk, and after being thoroughly cooked it is eaten with the butter that was skimmed off and saved. You can see it makes a very rich dish, and one that a traveler, unused to it would very soon tire of."

"Well, yes. I think I'll stick to *fa' brod*, though I solemnly declare that I am just as hungry now as I was when that dish there was heaped with its thin sheets."

"We will probably not get a full meal until our arrival at Hellesylt late this afternoon, for the people who keep these changing stations assume that travelers have prepared themselves for the day's journey, and consequently are only able to give a light lunch, such as we had."

"You see, these peasants don't take kindly to the business of hiring horses and carrioles. They would much prefer going on with their regular occupations, and they naturally strive to get along with as little trouble to themselves as possible."

"If they d on't want to hire their horses and vehicles, why do they do it?"

"These things, like the keeping of the roads, are regulated by the authorities, who, for the convenience of travelers require that at certain places, which they designate, carrioles and horses shall be kept for hire. These stations are placed just far enough apart to make it an easy jaunt from one to the other. The whole matter is very methodically arranged. At each station there is kept a book, on the first page of which there is printed a table of distances and the amount that may be charged for a single or double team from one place to another. The traveler is obliged to enter in this book his name, whence he came and his destination, together with the number of horses he uses. There is also a space left for remarks, in which complaints may be entered, or as more frequently happens, a word of commendation given for the consideration of the next official. Salaried inspectors examine these books at stated intervals, and if there are any abuses or reported negligence on the part of the station keeper measures are taken to have them corrected."

"Here comes our man now," said Gordon, as the door opened and our station man entered, bearing a large, flat bowl, and a knee instead. We severally entered our names in the record, stated that we were from Faleidet, en route to Hellesylt, with one carriole and one stalkjaere. When asked what was to pay for our lunch, the station-master smiled and shook his head, saying that it was a wet morning and he thought perhaps a cup of tea would do us good. We thanked him heartily and clambered into our conveyances, and, with the company of a little boy and girl, perched up behind us, started off at a good round pace for Grodaas, the next changing place previous to our arrival at Hellesylt.

"I think we ought to have kissed his hand," said Gordon, "when he refused any pay for that lunch. I certainly felt grateful enough for that delicious tea and that attenuated bread."

The smooth, hard road from Kjos led through a piece of country that under favorable circumstances must have been beautiful to a degree. There were long high hills to be climbed, from the summits of which could be seen low lying mountains, far off on either side, covered with pine and fir nearly to the top. Here and there a large lake lay dark and sullen under the overhanging cliffs, while alongside the road a noisy stream, taking its rise high up in the mountains behind us, rushed along over rock and crag till a sudden turn in the road lost it to our sight and brought us to a great plain that lay stretched out in the valley before us for miles and miles. All this seen in a glorious day, with a bright sun turning the mist and fog into beauteous clouds, touching the lakes with silver sheen, and dancing and glancing on the bosom of the swift rushing river would have made a scene as beautiful as I ever saw, with persistent rain and damp, chill fog and mist, absolutely depressing. We were especially unfortunate in regard to weather, inasmuch as the ride from Faleidet to Hellesylt is through one of the most lovely parts of Norway, and we were doomed to take it through a steady sullen down pour of rain.

At Grodaas, everything was in readiness for a quick change of teams, and we made but a short stop, being anxious to push on as fast as possible to our destination. For an hour or two we drove in silence, taking but slight interest in the country about us, that, under different circumstances, might have given us so much to enjoy. As we reached Hellesylt, however, there was a slight clearing up. The rain ceased after a while, and as we started down the mountain we had been climbing by easy stages all afternoon, the sun made its appearance from behind a great bank of heavy clouds, as though to assure us that he had not deserted Norway entirely.

For a number of miles before we came to Hellesylt, the road ran along a great chasm in the mountains, which sloped down to the shores of Sunvlos Fjord. At the bottom of this chasm was a mountain torrent that sped along to the Fjord, dashing over precipices, around huge boulders, through great fissures in the rocks, and sending up always an angry roar as it lashed itself against the sides of its rocky confines.

For over an hour the road followed this great ravine, winding down the mountain in a zigzag manner, until it finally reached the level on the shore of the Fjord. Here the rushing waters fell with a never ending roar into an a ... of the Fjord, making a great cataract of ... soundless beauty when viewed from the bridge thrown across the narrow bay, where mingled the Fjord's placid blue with the torrent's stony white.

ROBINSON LOCKE.

• • • Delicate diseases in either sex, however induced, speedily cured. Book, 10 cents in stamps. Address, in confidence, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

IT SAVED MY LIFE.

Mr. E. D. Parsons, a well-known bookkeeper for S. J. Arnold & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., writes.

I scarcely realized what sickness meant until one day I was seized with a pain in the lower part of my back. Next came a stoppage of the flow of urine, and acute pain accompanied the passage of the fluid. Alarmed, I sought advice and was told that my symptoms were those of stone in the bladder.

My Kidneys were Affected.

I will not try to describe what I went through. Let it suffice that none of the means taken produced any lasting benefit until I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., gradually the more serious symptoms began to yield. The sensitive stomach began to digest the food. The urine passed more freely, the pain ceased—the calculus or stone having been dissolved by the medicine. From this time my recovery was rapid and permanent, and I am ready, in public or in private, to testify that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy saved my life.

Dr. D. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY.

Rondout, N. Y. All Druggists. $1; 6 for $5.

Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for his book on Kidney, Liver and Blood Diseases. Mention this paper.

WHERE DO PINS GO?

A Trip Through a Pin Factory, or Rather a Good Interview on Pins—Their Growth and Everything About Them—Some Bits of Human Nature—Toledo's Pin Factory.

See a pin and pick it up;
All the day you'll have good luck.

This commonest of all toilet articles, the pin, is a child of olden times. Possibly the earliest known pin was the thorn with which doubtless Mother Eve pinned her dress of fig leaves together.

The little verse at the head of this article is known to nearly every little girl or boy in the land and perhaps the author of the little couplet was some thrifty housewife who realized that pins disappear very rapidly and who thought she had a chance to appeal to superstition for thriftness.

Where the pins all go is a wonder. Millions of them disappear daily and millions are made to take their place. The books tell us that pins are coeval with the human race, and were first introduced into England in 1460. The pin became of such importance that in 1483 its importation was prohibited by statute in England. In 1540 Queen Catherine received pins from France, and in 1543 an act was passed providing that "no person shall put to sale any pynnes but only such as shall be double headed, and have the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pinnes, well smothed, the shall well shapen, the points well and round filed, canted and sharpened."

As now, pins were then made of brass, but they were very different from the pins of to-day. Instead of the pin being made entirely of one piece as now, it was then made of a shank of one piece, and the head was a piece of fine wire wound about the shank.

In 1775 the attention of the colonists was called to the manufacture of pins and needles, as prizes were offered for the first of native make, but the successful manufacture of pins in this country wasn't known until 1836, although in 1824 Lemuel W. Wright, an American, secured in England a patent for a pin-making machine.

The growth has been steady and to-day pins are made by the ton in England and America. After the invention of Mr. Wright's machine the price fell enormously and the demand increased, for right after the war of 1812 the price had gone away up. There is still an importation annually from England, but a great many are manufactured in Massachusetts.

A BLADE reporter yesterday afternoon went out to the Toledo pin factory to learn something more about the pointed little article. Jumping off the street car just beyond the wagon works the reporter walked down the street, and passed two large buildings lit up with electric light. The manager was found in the office.

"I want to find out all I can about pins for the benefit of the BLADE readers," said the reporter. "How many do you make here and where do they go?"

"In those two factories you just passed we turn out 6,000,000 pins per day, and we sell them nearly all west of the Ohio river. In Chicago we sell 1,000,000 pins daily, and the rest go to St. Louis, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, Cleveland, St. Paul, Minneapolis and other cities. We have been running two years and are now running 12½ hours daily, working 52 or 53 hands. As for pins, however, here comes the greatest pin man in America, and he can tell you what you want—Mr. Fontaine here is a BLADE reporter who wants to know something about pins."

Mr. Fontaine is the inventor of the celebrated Fountaine engine. All the machinery in which the pins at the Toledo factory are made also of the new railroad crossing, that is to revolutionize the entire system.

In response to a question he said: "The manufacture of pins in this country began really about 1834 when they made pins at the rate of 30 per minute, for it was in that year that Dr. Howe, a yankee, of Waterbury, Conn., invented the solid-headed pin. Before that the head had been merely a little wire roll. Naturally Dr. Howe's invention revolutionized the manufacture of pins and the business grew. The improvements since then have been in increasing the facilities for making pins faster. Brass wire is used in good pins but in cheaper goods steel wire is used. The difference between now and 1834 is that we can now make pins at the rate of 400 per minute. That is the fastest work ever done in the making. They are stuck in the papers though at the rate of 2,700 per minute; that is each machine works that fast. So you see pins are handled very rapidly."

"You say there is still an importation of English pins?"

"Yes, but not because the quality is any better. The duty is 30 per cent. but even if that duty were removed they couldn't bring pins here and sell them as cheap as we can. The English pins are no better than the American article but are in the old fogey style. The reason they sell is because they are English."

"Yes," said the manager, "the women want something English. A woman went into a store here not long ago and asked for pins. She was handed a paper with an American brand. She handed them back saying she wanted the English. The clerk handed her a paper marked 'Crown Jewel,' and she paid 15 cents for them and went away happy. The joke of it is that the 'Crown Jewel' pins come from the same barrel that the others did. We have to fix the brand to suit them. The same pins in the other paper would have cost her 8 cents and there were 360 pins in the paper while there were but 300 in he 'Crown Jewel.'"

"That's true," said the travelling man who stood back of the desk, "Here is a box of pins which bears the English coat-of-arms. Nothing in here at all to indicate that the pins are manufactured in Toledo. The ladies have to have the English goods, you see, even if we manufacture them right here in Toledo."

"By the way," said the manager, "how do those pins sell since we called them the 'Queen's Own'?"

"Much better," replied the traveling man; "there is a greater demand for them."

"How is Toledo as a manufacturing center?" asked the reporter.

"None better in the world," was the quick reply of the manager. "Rents are lower here, and we don't have the labor troubles you find in other cities. Then the shipping facilities are good. We have the railroad right at our door. Then we can get better help here. There are so many factories in the East that the girls all work there and help is scarce."

"The health is better here, too, said Mr. Fontaine, and that is quite an item. Then Toledo is centrally located and all the distributing cities can be reached."

The pin factory is growing and the capacity being increased. The business man informed the reporter on the street car coming home, that at this factory pins can be manufactured cheaper than anywhere else in the world except Detroit, on account of the machinery, which was invented by Mr. Fontaine. His brother runs a factory with the same machinery in Detroit. Another point is that all of the machinery used at the factory was manufactured in Toledo from the raw material.

—There are many accidents and diseases which affect stock and cause serious inconvenience and loss to the farmer in his work, which may be quickly remedied by the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.

They Left the Wedding Cake.

A runaway couple came to the residence of Rev. G. H. Perdue, in Upson, last Tuesday evening and procured him to unite their future destinies. The young man was Mr. James Cox and the young lady Miss Nellie Cain, both of Monroe county. After the marriage ceremony they spent the remainder of the night at Mr. Perdue's. A friend brought us what he represented to be a piece of the wedding cake. It was a cold biscuit wrapped in a piece of brown paper. Found on the front porch with wraps and shawls, it is supposed to be their wedding lunch.—*Barnesville (Ga.) Democrat.*

THE BEST SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD IS THE BLADE!

IT IS THE BEST,
IT IS THE CHEAPEST,
AND
IT IS THE HANDSOMEST.

Since the introduction of the Blade Machine, less than nine months ago several thousands have been placed in as many homes. That they have given perfect satisfaction the following testimonials, which are only two out of thousnnds, abundantly show:

SOUTH SALEM, O., Aug. 6, 1886.

I received my machine all right several weeks ago. Have sewed a good deal on it. I think it is a good machine; have not had any trouble with it since it came; it makes a beautiful stitch. I have not tried all the attachments yet, but think I can.
ELIZA M. KINSEY.

WILSY, KAS., July 17, 1886.

Your machine came to hand, and as represented to be in every respect. As far as I have tested it, it is very satisfactory. No machine that I have ever seen or used makes such an elegant stitch. I think, sirs, you deserve great commendation for placing such an excellent machine within reach of every one.
Respectfully, MAMIE STINE.

MACON, NEB., July 29, 1886.

The sewing machine arrived in good order several weeks ago. I have used it a great deal and am well pleased with it. Every one that has seen it, think it is nice. Will recommend the Blade machine to any one wanting a good machine. I had no trouble in learning to use the attachments.
MAY F. LEIGHTON.

UNION CITY, Pa., July 24, 1886.

I received my sewing machine a few weeks ago in good order. Found no difficulty in learning to use it. I can say that I consider it one of the best sewing machines in the market, and take pleasure in recommending it as such to all my friends.
MRS. S. D. BLAKELY.

Excellence is of course the first point, but please to ask yourself this question: What good is the best machine if it is out of reach of the people? The Blade Machine was made to break the prices of this indispensible household adjunct. All of the monopoly machines sold through agents cost you from $35 upward. We sell direct to the people, a better machine, betrer finished and better in principle, for less than half. We give you the Blade Sewing Machine for $18, and send you the Weekly Blade one year.

If you want a machine order it at once. There will be a rush for it next month, and you should get in your order at once.

Remember the Blade Sewing Machine and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18.

The Machine is the best in the world. It is a new machine, upon an entirely new principle, and manufactured by ourselves in our own factory.

FULL SET OF ATTACHMENTS.

ADDRESS
BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

The Color Line in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 8.—Willis McNair, a colored barber, is serving on the United States jury, and when the jury went to J. W. Knott's restaurant for breakfast, the proprietor refused to admit the negro to his dining room, which he runs for white people. The Capital hotel restaurant also refused. When the facts were reported to Judge Caldwell, he made a speech from the bench that jurors were officers of the law and could not be separated. They were sent back and a United States deputy marshal instructed to accompany them and report to the court. Mr. Knott refused to admit the negro and said he never would admit one to the white people's room. The Capital restaurant, however, took them in a body, and for the first time a negro enjoyed his repast at a leading hotel in the state and with white people. The entire proceedings caused no little commotion.

WANTED—500 MEN

To join the "Old Reliable" Single Men's Endowment Association of Minnesota. One Thousand Dollars at marriage. Over $120,000.00 already paid. Write for circulars to C. H. Knapp, Sec'y, Minneapolis, Minn. Please mention this paper.

Rather Fanciful Than Toothsome.

See here; taste that. Tastes like a cedar lead pencil, eh? But then you can chew as much cedar wood as you desire for three cents, whereas that article will cost you $3 a pound. You have eaten a candied violet, and there is a candied rose leaf—both the latest fad for ultra-fashionable lunches. These flowers are dipped in boiling sugar, and, spread upon a pretty plate, present a beautiful lavender and pink appearance, more tempting than palatable.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail, in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

Some New Postmasters.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—The President yesterday appointed the following postmasters: L. A. Manchester, at Merced, Cal., vice C. A. King, resigned; R. A. Allen, at Joliet, Ill., vice J. W. Woods, suspended; Orville F. Lavalley, at Naples, N. Y., vice W. A. Marks, suspended; Guilford B. Keppel, at Tiffin, O., vice O. T. Locke, suspended.

—Write to Wilsey & Holcomb, Bloomville, Ohio, and order an Eclipse Orchard Pruner at reduced price to one agent in every township. They are the best Pruner on the market.

Publishers' Column.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will *you* buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

It was to break the monopoly that the BLADE commenced this business, and it has succeeded.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman and Sheridan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The four divines	65
The three generals	50
The entire set of seven	1 00

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address
BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE.

The most Powerful Healing Ointment ever Discovered.

Henry's Carbolic Salve cures Sores.
Henry's Carbolic Salve allays Burns.
Henry's Carbolic Salve cures Bruises.
Henry's Carbolic Salve heals Pimples.
Henry's Carbolic Salve cures Piles.
Henry's Carbolic Salve heals Cuts.

Ask for Henry's—Take No Other.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
JOHN P. HENRY & CO., New York.
Write for Illuminated Book.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

The Youth's Companion.

PRIZE STORIES:

$1,500 First Prize Story "Blind Brother" will begin Jan. 1st.

$5000 Prize Serial and Short Stories.

The other Prize Stories, eight in all, will be published during 1887.

Free to Jan. 1, 1887. To any one who subscribes now, and sends us $1.75, we will send the Companion free from the time the subscription is received to January 1st, 1887, and a full year from that date. This offer includes the Double Thanksgiving and Christmas Numbers. *Remit Money Order, Check, or Registered Letter.*

Sample Copies and Full Announcement Free. Please mention this paper.

Address PERRY MASON & CO., Publishers, 41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

BIG PAY for LITTLE WORK!

Every Friend of the Blade Should Read this Carefully.

$2,000.00!

To Be Given Away in Premiums!

WHO WILL GET THEM?

The Blade Company wants to Give Away $2,000 in Valuable Property, which it proposes to do in this way:

WE OFFER—

For the largest number of subscribers sent us by any one person between the date of this issue and the First of May, 1887, A FIRST CLASS STANDARD PIANO, worth..... $650 00

To the one sending us the next largest number, A CABINET ORGAN, worth..... 300 00

To the one sending the third largest number, A FIRST-CLASS SINGER SEWING MACHINE, worth..... 75 00

To the raisers of the next 25 largest, each A BLADE SEWING MACHINE, worth each..... 18 00

To the raisers of the next 50 largest clubs a choice of books, either "Andersonville" or "Nasby in Exile," worth each..... 3 50

To the raisers of the next 50 largest clubs, each a Waterbury Watch, worth each..... 3 50

To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs a choice of the books "Social Etiquette," or "Health and Beauty," worth each..... 1 00

To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs, a copy of the magnificent steel engraving, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," worth $10 each, but sold by us at..... 1 00

Now, mind you, here are 328 premiums to be given 328 people, no matter how few subscribers they send in. We shall keep an accurate record of the names sent in by the contestants, and on the first day of May, 1887, the premiums will be awarded from our books. And please remember this: If you are going to send any clubs at all, you may as well try to reach one of these premiums. You get the commissions you are entitled to, in accordance with our terms to agents, which have been sent all who applied for them, just the same. These premiums are over and above commissions, and have nothing to do with them. If you send ten subscribers you retain your commission just the same, paying you for your work, anyhow, and if the ten should entitle you to one of these premiums you get the premium in addition to your commissions. Now note

CONDITIONS:

Those intending to contest for these premiums should so state in each letter containing names and remittances, and the number of subscribers they have sent, that they may know, as well as ourselves, how many they are getting.

These premiums are awarded for yearly subscribers, but in the competition four three months subscribers will be allowed to count for one yearly, and two six months for one yearly. In these cases our three and six months rates must be observed.

If you send single names your commissions to be retained will be at the rate made known in our postal card to agents. When you remit in clubs of ten your commission will be larger, as stated in our terms.

We will not accept checks upon country banks, as it costs a heavy percentage to collect. Currency in registered letters, drafts on New York or Chicago, postal orders and postal notes are what we take. Never send postage stamps if you can help it.

These premiums will not be allowed the regular Subscription agencies. They are only for those who make an effort to earn them by extending the circulation of the paper.

Who May Secure These Premiums?

Any one who has a little time to spend in the day time or evening—school-teachers, farmers' wives or daughters, boys or girls, mechanics' wives or daughters, any one who has a little energy, and some acquaintance in a neighborhood. THE WEEKLY BLADE is the easiest paper in the world to canvass for. It is the handsomest, best-printed, best-edited, largest, and best paper in the world. Everybody knows of it, it needs no talking about, no introduction, but if any one wants a paper and knows the difference between a good and bad article they will take the BLADE at once. It has the largest circulation of any Family Newspaper in the United States, which it has attained solely on its merits.

Drop a postal card asking us to send special terms to Agents.

SPECIMEN COPIES

Will be sent to you in any number that you want. You should have specimens to show, as the showing of a specimen to a newspaper reader settles it. Send for as many as you can use, and they will be promptly mailed to you.

IN CONCLUSION.

Go to work now at once, and earn one of these premiums. Of course only a few can secure the big premiums, but if you don't get any, you will get good pay for what work you do. At least one person at every postoffice can make a very acceptable addition to their pocket-money this winter by canvassing for the BLADE, the old, reliable family paper of the United States. And it is not going to take very much work to secure the big premiums, or one of the smaller ones anyhow.

What we are after is a circulation of 200,000 before May 1, 1887, and we are willing and anxious to pay for the work of getting it. Those who want to participate in this work will get all the aid from us that they want.

Get at the work at once. Address

BLADE COMPANY,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

THE BEST

BOOKS

For the Winter.

The following books are of our own publication and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book-store prices, and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friends, every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we give for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list:

ANDERSONVILLE:

A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was 18 months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers, in the military prisons. Regular price, $2. We now send it by mail for $1.25. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

NASBY IN EXILE.

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most outstanding books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has been sold for $2.00. Price now postpaid by mail, $1.00, or with BLADE one year, $2.85.

HEALTH and BEAUTY,

by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty, and is indispensable. Price, $1, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

BLADE, Toledo, O.

ANY man or boy can establish himself in a good paying, legitimate business by sending 50 cts. for 100 valuable formulas for making all kinds of Flavoring Extracts, Table Sauce, Inks, etc. C. Woodbury, box 1,443, Boston, Mass.

SHOPPING in New York without charge. Circulars free. Mrs. F. D. Mott, Box 188, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Liberty Music!

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

A splendid lithographed edition has been printed in six colors, showing the flags of France and the United States, portraits of Washington and Lafayette in vignettes, the great pedestal, with Liberty's Statue in bronze color, together with a bird-eye view of the harbor and the adjacent shores and Brooklyn Bridge, being a most effective picture; the whole, with words and music, mailed upon receipt of 20 cents; also the

SONG, ARRANGED AS DUET		10 cents
SONG, ARRANGED FOR FEMALE QUARTET		10 cents
SONG, ARRANGED FOR MIXED VOICES		10 cents
SONG and MARCH FOR SMALL ORCHES.		
LIBERTY MARCH	Composed by	25 cts.
LIBERTY GALLOP		25 cts.
LIBERTY GAVOTTE	F. A. Rohstein,	25 cts.
LIBERTY WALTZ	Musical Director	30 cts.
LIBERTY LANCERS	Wilbur Opera	25 cts.
LIBERTY QUADRILLES	Company.	25 cts.

Address orders to
HITCHCOCK'S MUSIC STORE,
186 Nassau st., New York.

SCROLL SAWYER.

On receipt of 15c. I will send, postpaid, the pattern of this 3-shelf Bracket, size 18x21, a large number of new and beautiful miniature designs for scroll sawing, and my 36-page illustrated catalogue of Scroll Saws, Lathes, Fancy Woods, Mechanics' Tools, Small Locks, Fancy Hinges, Watches, Clock Movements, etc., or send 6c. for catalogue alone. Parents in Pocket Knives. Great inducements in way of Premiums.
A. H. POMEROY,
Division 2,
216-220 Asylum street,
Hartford, Conn.

AGENTS Send for our terms for copying and enlarging Photos. Our prices are low and we make the best work in the country. Enterprise Portrait Co., Box 271, Auburn, N.Y.

Ladies, send 10c. for new illustrated book on fancy work. Stamps taken. L.Y. Sandford, Quincy, Ill.

TO ART STUDENTS

THE TOLEDO

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

New Blade Building, Toledo, O.

A College for the education of pupils, male and female, in the various branches of drawing and oil and water-color painting, commenced its first session in the city of Toledo, Wednesday, September 29, 1886, under the charge of

EDMUND H. OSTHAUS, PRINCIPAL,

AND

Amy R. Kirkpatrick, First Assistant Teacher.

Edmund Henry Osthaus was born in the Province of Hanover, in the Kingdom of Prussia, August 5, 1858, and in May 1881, arrived for the first time in the United States. While in his minority he received a thorough education, not only in his native German tongue, and in the classics, but in the English and French languages. Making drawings and painting to the fine arts when still a small boy, he entered upon the full course of study at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Dusseldorf, when 17 years of age, from which he graduated with honors in 1881. During his seven years' course at this academy he became, from his great natural talents, singularly proficient in every branch of the fine arts, as now his examples fully attest, which has thoroughly qualified him for the position of principal in the most rigid Academy of Fine Arts.

All Classes in the Academy are Now Open.

THE GALLERY OF PAINTINGS,

Comprising examples from eminent Foreign and American Painters, is now on exhibition to the public, free of any admission, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

CATALOGUES,

Giving full information of School and Gallery of Paintings, Terms, etc., with an important, instructive Essay, which should be read by every Art Pupil in the United States, will be furnished free to any one on application.

This Academy, with its corps of teachers, fullness in equipment, large collection of paintings and superior location, offers unsurpassed advantages to the pupil in art. PROF. OSTHAUS, the principal, and MISS KIRKPATRICK, the assistant, were both educated in the severest schools of art, and the same rigid training they received is practiced in the school. It is intended to make it the best, the most thorough and practical School of Art upon the continent.

Address,
D. KNIGHT CARTER, Actuary.

THE WATERBURY

"Nasby Watch,"

During the past year we have mailed a great many thousands of the famous

WATERBURY WATCHES

to our patrons, and they have almost universally given satisfaction.

Out of the enormous number mailed only a very small percentage have been found faulty, and as those were immediately sent back to us and either put in order or new ones sent, there has been practically no complaint.

The Waterbury Company warrant to us every watch we send; and therefore if one here and there does not perform according to guarantee, it is immediately replaced by one that will.

In making 1,500 a day of course there will be occasionally one that gets injured in going through the mails, but these are immediately made good.

There is less complaint about the Waterbury Watch than there is of any watch in the world.

As the manufacturers warrant them to us, we warrant them to our patrons. Every faulty watch is made good as soon as it can be got around in the mails.

The price of the Waterbury Watch is always and everywhere $3.50. They can not be bought anywhere for less. We do this: The WEEKLY BLADE one year and the Waterbury Watch, $3.50. Which is to say you get the BLADE at its price and the batch for a dollar less than its price, or the Watch at its price and the BLADE for nothing. We are making you a present of a dollar in either event, and you are getting the best family paper in the world and the best time piece.

Enclose $3.50 to
BLADE, Toledo, O.

and secure one of these superb Watches and the BLADE for one year.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

Demorest's Monthly.

Containing Stories, Poems and other Literary attractions, combining Artistic, Scientific, and Household matters. Illustrated with Original Steel Engravings, Photogravures, Oil Pictures, and fine Wood-cuts, making it the Model Magazine of America.

Each number contains an order, entitling the holder to the selection of any pattern illustrated in the fashion department of that number, in any of the sizes manufactured, making patterns during the year of the value of over three dollars.

We also propose to give considerable attention to the Grand Prohibition Party movement as one of the most important and live moral issues of the day.

Send twenty cents for the current number with Pattern Coupon and you will certainly receive Two Dollars for a year and get ten times its value.
W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, PUBLISHER,
17 E. 14th St., New York.

Sold by all Newsdealers and Postmasters

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WHO HATH A FRIEND?

I have often thought how severely the spirit of Goldsmith must have been tried before his gentle nature permitted him to utter a sentiment like this:

"And what is friendship but a name
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep."

He had found hardness where he expected sympathy, suspicion in place of confidence, cold criticism instead of loving trust. How many have passed through a like experience?

Unfortunately, it is true that as we grow older, we lose our faith in the warmth and reality of the feeling that seems to dictate pleasant words. Fight as we may, a doubt of the genuineness of a friendship which has not passed through the shadows of our winter as well as basked in the sunshine of our summer, and come out undimmed, will enter our hearts and remain there until it has been tried and not found wanting. In the halcyon spring-time of our lives, when the blue sky above us is so intensely real in its vivid beauty, that no hint of storms which may come mars our enjoyment of its loveliness, when we accept all the glories that Nature has spread before our feet without a suspicion of the destroying forces which she keeps in reserve, but that sometimes escape her leash to overwhelm and destroy, then, in our joyous certainty that all things are what they seem, not only in the physical but in the moral world, we open wide the doors of our hearts to all who knock at the portals, and gladly bid them enter therein. Later on when they have passed out one by one, leaving only the ashes of the past to tell where they have been, we grow sceptical as to the permanent presence of any, close the door, pull in the latch string, and those who enter thereafter can only do so by slow and continued effort.

"I wish I had no friends," said an unfortunate, grief-stricken woman to me not long ago.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because they wound me constantly," she replied. "Strangers are kinder for they do not presume so much. I did not know till now that I had so many faults, that I was so impractical in my ideas and so lacking in sense, and the worst of it is, the very ones who once seemed to love me most are my severest critics. They may have seen my failings in the old prosperous days, but they did not dare tell me of them as they do now. Ah! how I hate to hear one of them begin 'To be candid with you,' for I know I am to receive another, stab."

To my thoughts came instantly those lines of French origin:—

"But of all plagues, good heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the candid friend,"

and my heart went out in sympathy to the author, who must have suffered in the same way as she had, whose bitterly spoken words to me have just been quoted.

It is strange how often adversity brings out a quality in the friends of the shadowed one, the existence of which had not been before suspected. It is strange, too, how it seems to give them a liberty of speech, which in prosperity had been kept in abeyance. It is no wonder that one whose heart is thus wounded by the entrance of this new element into an intercourse which has hitherto been harmonious and delightful, should suddenly begin to realize that there is a bitter side to what she has hitherto called friendship.

"Any one who can treat another in that way is no friend," indignantly says a young girl, whose faith in those who seem to love her has never yet been shaken.

I question whether in her inexperience she does not speak the truth. Even the coarsest nature will hesitate to wound one who is really loved, more especially when that one is in sorrow or overtaken by misfortune. There may be a good will which, in common parlance, is termed friendship, but in the higher, truer sense of the latter, it does not exist.

Of course there is a difference in individuals, and what will cut one to the heart, will have no more effect upon another than the sighing of the summer breeze, but there are few so obtuse but that they can discern the line drawn by adversity between sincere affection and indifference. To me, however, entire neglect which cannot be misunderstood, would be easier to bear than the suddenly developed right to take charge of my affairs, and to rudely tear away the veil which had hitherto concealed my faults.

This assumption is not always brought out by a change of circumstances. There are people, who are no sooner admitted to a degree of intimacy, but they at once advance and attempt to seize upon the things which are held most sacred. They trespass boldly where you have hardly dared to breathe a whisper, and if you chance to have a skeleton in your closet, they drag it out and rattle its dry bones before you at all times and seasons. They mean well, it is true, but in bitterness of spirit you come to pray to be delivered from well-meaning people, if they claim you as a friend.

The truth is friendship gives no liberties. It has its rights; it possesses its privileges. The first are readily yielded, the latter are gladly given, but neither can degenerate into a license to take one iota more than is freely offered. And it will never allow a spirit of criticism to enter into it which will cause one to exclaim as did Cassius:

"A friend should bear his friend's infirmities
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are."

I do not believe that true friendship is often an outgrowth of sudden and violent intimacies, such as some people are always forming.

"Deliver me from back door neighbors," said a bright, lively, young housekeeper in my hearing one day. "They are always appearing at the most inopportune moments, and then no matter how pleasant they may be socially, one does not care to have their whole domestic economy turned inside out even for the inspection of one's best friend."

It is usually the sudden intimates that develop into back-door neighbors, and though both parties may be good, wholehearted people it is the old story of familiarity breeding contempt, differences which too often grow into personal dislike.

The word friend is as often misused as home. In the fullness of its meaning, it is so rich, so beautiful, it covers so much that comes into the inner life of all human beings, that when realized, the heart is filled with love and reverence for the power which has made such a relation possible. It means unswerving truth and loyalty under all possible changes of fortune; it means a loving charity which will cast a veil over wrong doing under great temptation, even when to the world's eye it brings disgrace; it means a faith that will not doubt though appearances to produce it are the strongest; it means a gentle forbearance under apparent provocation; it means an added tenderness when a fickle world turns away its face; it means unstinted devotion, unfailing affection, and a respect that never falters—all these things and more.

Who hath such a friend? They are not impossible, that I know, and my heart warms as I think how I know. They are few who can be all this. Alas, it is too true! The infirmities of human nature are so many; so much of the delicacy is wanting which prevents intrusion; selfishness rules so often supremely, that this ideal friend becomes real too rarely. And yet individual perfection is not needed to make it possible. Only love and truth and honor, and conquering of self, which all lie within our power to grasp and make a part of our own personality.

Who hath a friend? You who can count even one such, are richer in the possession, than as if the wealth of all the Ind were yours to command, but without that joy You who can rest secure that there is even one who will hold fast to you through good and evil report, whom time and tide will not move, though fortunes come and go, need envy no one other possessions, if he be not so blessed.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Table Covers for Small Tables.—Get plush or velvet just large enough to come to the edges of the table. Then put on for a border a wide Nottingham or Antique lace of a cream color. Outline the pattern with tinsel or with color, or embroider it heavily. The effect is remarkably pretty. If the table is of cherry, a blue plush makes the best contrast, if it harmonizes with the furnishings of the room. Old oak will receive crimson well, and mahoghany, gold color. Where it is an object to conceal the lower part of the table somewhat, the center of the cover may be of heavy raw silk, with a border of plush and the whole edged with the lace.

Toilet Mats.—Very pretty ones are made of cream colored linen, cut the required size and shape, fringed out, and then a vine stamped just inside and etched in colors or in shadings of one. These can be washed without injury and are very serviceable.—ED.

Toilet Cushion.—I want to tell the sisters about a toilet cushion that I have just finished. It is pronounced lovely by every one who sees it, and I want Miss Bouton to know that I got my idea from her last chapter on Fancy Work and Home Decoration." I have both of her books on this subject, and prize them highly.

My cushion is about 8½ inches square. I bought it already stuffed, but one might easily make one at home. Then I cut a piece of crimson plush to half cover the top from one corner diagonally across to the other, and a light blue satin piece the same size on which I embraoidered a wild rose, then sewed the plush and satin together to form the square, and tacked it smoothly to the cushion. I covered the bottom with light blue satin and hemmed it up with the plush and satin just enough to cover the raw edges, pleated antique lace around the edge, not very full, and over the top of that sewed a strip of ready pleated light blue satin ribbon, and place a bow of wide ribbon, the same color, on the corner of the plush. I will tell how much material I bought, and you will know better how much to get. One-fourth yard each of plush and satin (and have enough left of these for another), ¾ yard antique lace, 1¼ yard of pleated ribbon and ¾ yard for bow. The whole thing cost me $1.50. If you can't embroider or paint you can put on an applique figure. Of course other colors can be substituted to correspond with your room, with equal effect. Thanks to "Auntie Grandma" for her improvement in my crazy quilt. If she hasn't I'm just going to make her one if she'll state the size. I have just set my crazy quilts together and waiting for a suggestion of a pretty way to finish the edge. Will some one move right forward?—F. B. C., Farmington, Conn.

Many thanks to our correspondent, not only for kind word for "Fancy Work and House Decoration" and the pleasant personal things omitted, but also for the excellent description given above. As the time for Christmas preparations is now here, we can help each other in this way, and we want everything that is new and pretty.

The editor has received quite a number of blocks kindly sent to her by members of the HOUSEHOLD, valued highly because of the good will they typify, but not enough for a quilt. Those received have been six inches square.—ED.

Preparing Canvas for Oil Painting.—In answer to M. P. Ives, Stevensville, M. T. To prepare canvas for oil painting, first put the canvas on the stretcher and stretch it tight. Then have prepared a paste made of the best flour with one ounce of Venice turpentine to each pint of paste. Apply this paste to the canvas with a brush, and after it is dry give the canvas two or three coats of white paint (white lead and oil mixed to the consistency of cream is best) allowing each coat to dry before applying the next.

Before applying the last coat remove all specks from the canvas with the point of a sharp knife, or rub it well with a smooth piece of pumice stone to make the surface smooth.

To prepare a palette for portrait painting, the following colors should be placed on the palette, beginning near the thumb-hole and placing them near the outer edge: Flake white, vermilion, light red, Indian red, Naples yellow, yellow ochre, Roman ochre, ivory black, burnt umber, raw umber and ultramarine blue.

The flesh tint is made with white, yellow ochre and vermilion. (Regulate the amount of ochre and vermilion to the style of complexion.)

High lights with white and Naples yellow. Shades with Roman ochre, light red and white, and deep shades with Roman ochre, Indian red and a little black. Hair with black, brown or yellow, according to the color. Eyes with black, brown or blue.

L. W.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; s c, stitch; c, over; k, plain; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Pop-corn Lace.—(Crochet)—Make a chain of 30 stitches. 1st row—1 tr c in 5th st of ch—2 ch sh (3 tr 1 ch—3 tr) in 8th st, 7 ch—s c in 15th st, 5 ch—s c in same st. This last makes the pop-corn. 7ch—sh in 23d st, 2 ch—tr in 25th st, 2 ch—tr in 27th st, 5 ch—turn. 2d row—1 tr in last tr, 2 ch—sh in sh—3 ch—sc in 3d st of the 7th ch—5 ch—s c in same st, 7 ch—s c in 3d st of ch—5 ch—s c in same st, 3 ch—sh in sh—2 ch—1 tr in last tr, 2 ch—1 tr in the end, 5ch—turn. 3d row—1 tr in last tr, 2 ch—sh 7 ch—s c in middle of 1, 7 ch—5ch—s c in same, 7 ch—2 ch—1 tr in last tr, 2 ch—1 tr in end; 5 ch—turn. 4th row—same a 2d. 5th row—same as 3d, except that after making 5 ch at the end, fasten it down with s c and make another 5 ch. 6th row—same as 4th. 7th row—1 tr in in last tr—2 ch—sh 7 ch—s c in 4th st of last 7 ch—5 ch—s c in same, 7 ch—2 ch—1 tr in end. 16 tr in loop made by the 5 ch at the end of 5th row. 1 s c in the end of 4th row, 2 ch—1 s c in end of 3d row, turn. 8th row—3 ch—1 tr between 15th and 16th tr of last row, 5 ch—s c in same st—3 ch—1 tr between 13th and 14th tr—5 ch—s c in same * 3 ch—1 tr between 11th and 12th tr—5 ch—s c in same: repeat from * 5 times, always leaving 2 tr between each st—2 ch—1 tr in the tr at the end of the preceding row; finish the row same as 4th row. 9th row—work the same as 3d row to the end, 2 ch—tr in 2d ch of scallop, * 5 ch—tr in centre of 3 ch —repeat from * 6 time, 5 ch—tr in 3 ch at beginning of 8th row, 2 ch—1 tr in end of 2d row, 2 ch—tr in end of 1st row; turn—10th row—5 ch—fasten with s c in same st; * 5 ch—tr in middle of 5 ch of preceding row; 5 ch—s c in same st—5 ch—tr in tr—5 ch—s c in same st—repeat from * 7 times, 2 ch —tr in tr—2 ch—tr in tr—2 ch—sh in sh—3 ch—s c in centre of the 7 ch—5 ch—s c in same, 7 ch—s c in center of 7 ch—5 ch—s c in same 3 ch—sh——2 ch—tr in tr—2 ch —tr in the end; repeat from 1st row.

This lace is extremely pretty and is about 4 inches wide when made of linen thread No. 70. Insertion to match can be readily made by crocheting back and forth, as in the 2d 3d and 4th rows.—SARAH.

Correspondence.

MOTHERS.—No. 4.—Yes, I began to think of the duties of mothers, of their many stern trials, and their sorrows. Who is able to led the child over life's uneven way in safety and peace? Surely an intelligence of a higher order than of the blind, finite human being might shrink from the responsibilities devolving upon a mother. Her child is an immortal soul, that will live, on and on, when the sun shall be darkened and the moon refuse to give her light; when the angel shall stand with one foot upon the land, and one upon the sea and cry out, "Time is, time was, time shall be no more." And God says to each mother in regard to her child: "Raise this child for me, and I will give thee thy wages." Should the mother's influence be evil, will not the child be evil? And if her influence is good, may we not confidently expect that her child will be good and true? for early impressions are lasting. A son or daughter may not outrival the memory of a mother's smile, and how often do they remember in bitterness the self-will that grieved a mother—the children when they are being rocked upon the bosom of life's tempestuous ocean. A woman said, "I never suspected myself of possessing a bad temper until I had to deal with a self-willed, half-grown boy." He was to be controlled and guided, but how? What should be said and what left unsaid? What should be done and what left undone? What privileges should be accorded and what denied? How should the mother avoid the Charybdis on one side and the Scylla on the other? How near together they seemed. * * * Hannah of old knew what to do with her son, and cannot the women of this age learn what to do with theirs?—MOSS ROSE, KY.

SOMETHING WRONG.—Something is wrong with us. Why is it so many papers we pick up have a pitiful tale of domestic trials? Some poor, abused woman, who claims to be only one among many, tells how her husband neglects her, and that he spends money for cigars while she goes without books to read or necessary clothing. Another tells how her husband spends his evenings down town at the club or lecture while she stays at home alone, etc., etc., etc. Now, why is this? Are men brutes so soon as they are married, as it all would seem to imply? I read somewhere only a few days since "that every woman, without doubt, had a sore place somewhere in her heart," and I sat down to think it over. Now, do you believe it true? I do not, tho' doubtless there are many sore hearts the world over.

Now about this wife-abuse. We, of course, are not of that category, both in feeling and acting; but what puzzles me is how any woman can allow her husband or any one else to ill-treat her. What would I do, do you say? Well, if my friends ill-treat me I should have them for friends no longer. If my children ill-treat me I should take a "sprout" to them. If my husband ill-treat me I should take a "sprout" to him, do you say? Oh, no. There are several other ways if you know what they are. The first and most requisite thing to be done is to see that you have the respect of your husband. "Oh, you say, of course he respects me, or why should he marry me?" Surely my charming reader is fully versed in the world if she never go anywhere and he has not a spark of jealousy." But I don't mean that. I mean respect in a wider sense, just as your neighbors might respect you—look up to you, not as knowing more or being stronger than they, but as of one whose opinion is worth listening to.

Now, you say, you can't afford to put in my gift. But the card may be both pretty and inexpensive, and is a tasteful token of esteem. Some of the most attractive cards I have ever seen were made in California homes as souvenirs for Eastern friends. A spray of native wild flowers, pressed or painted, a panel of grasses, or many thistle peculiar to the coast, a card of sea mosses, or of ferns—any one of these makes an appropriate gift; but I particularly fancy the ferns, and have mounted a great many for friends living on what we consider the wrong side of the Rocky mountains.

Panels of all tints, shapes and sizes may be bought at a low rate, and fine, delicate ferns, like many of the California varieties, can be arranged in numberless devices and combinations. Large, perfect specimens, look best by themselves. One of the prettiest cards I ever made was a handful of silver fern, double the ordinary size, mounted on a black panel. A popular mode of arrangement is a cross of four gold or silver ferns, with a tiny fern at each corner of the card. A dark panel in the shape of a pallette, gives a fine background for many graceful devices, formed of the light colored ferns. Circular cards, with wreaths, are pretty, very pretty. An effective panel of silver fern was made by arranging them in an unstudied diagonal—with pure white ferns at the upper corner, then shading through yellow-white and pink white to gray and brown.

A fan card is a dainty gift, if it resembles the model. I have in mine, which had sticks of wire fern, the edges of tiny lace ferns, and was decorated with graceful sprays of bleached maiden hair. Butterfly cards are always popular. The butterflies are formed from the lower pinnae of gold and silver ferns, and with a bit of stem left for the body make excellent counterfeits. Ferns that have had the tips broken off may frequently be utilized in this way. A gay card was made with a huge yellow butterfly in the center, while hovering about it were smaller ones of all shades of gold, bronze, gray, brown and white. Bouquets of the fine delicate ferns like the woodsias and cystopteris are very pretty when skillfully grouped.

I have have seen attempts to represent landscapes entirely by ferns; but to secure pleasing results one needs a great variety of ferns, no less than a correct eye and dexterous hand So that less ambitious devices will generally prove more satisfactory.

Some of the best work in arranging pressed ferns that I have seen was done by a young Englishman living at Yosemite. To be sure, he made this his business,—and trumped hundreds of miles about the Valley, wading the streams and scaling seemingly inaccessible cliffs—"hanging on by his eyelids," as he said—to secure rare varieties that the ordinary tourist, who confines his sight—seeing to the beaten paths, never finds. His panels were almost always arranged in the form of bouquets or baskets, and every evening offered them for tourists at the hotels. About a mile from the Yosemite Fall he had a little tent where his cards were on exhibition. His sign was a female head in profile. It was about three times life size, and was composed entirely of ferns—the flowing locks being appropriately represented by maiden hair.

In grouping ferns an unstudied disposal is more pleasing than a severely precise arrangement. The large, coarse-growing species are effective in decorating rooms, but are entirely unsuited for mounting. But with fine delicate fronds any one possessing a moderate degree of taste can make dainty gifts that to appreciative friends will be joys forever.

The California varieties best suited for cards are the gold and silver ferns, the coffee, tea, lace, parsley, and seed ferns, the rusty-backs, cotton-backs, and maiden-hair. All of these are largely used—but the most popular are the gold, silver, and lace.—ALICE P. ADAMS, Alhambra, California.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me how to prevent the juice running out of my pies when I am baking them? It makes them stick to the pie plate and spoils the looks of them. Is there any way to make a cake without eggs, as my hens do not lay at present and we are too far from town to buy eggs?—FLORA.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE please send me a recipe to make mince meat? Also, will some one send me the song "Annie Laurie?" I will willingly pay postage. If any one would like to know how to crochet spider-web, horse-shoe, or pansy lace, I will send them directions if they will address me with stamped envelope and paper.—ELLA MORGAN, Alum Rock, Clarion Co., Pa.

Will Tabitha Strong tell me through the BLADE how she used hot milk and water to wash her face, and if it whitened her face? Also, will some of the readers tell me something that will make me fleshy?—MOSS ROSE, KY.

Send $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., for "Health and Beauty," and you will find answers to both of your questions and many other things.—ED.

Will some one inform me how to clean sea shells?—Mrs. E. W., Gladbrook, Tama county, Iowa.

Can you, or any one of the BLADE, tell me of a reliable firm where I can get work to do at home? No canvassing or selling.—MISS ORPHA.

We know of none which we can recommend.—ED.

Can some one oblige me by telling what causes the dirt to seem to stick to the flesh underneath the finger nails, and also how to prevent it? Will some one tell me where I can get instructions for short-hand writing?—W. R. C.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE please tell me where I can write to get Dr. Gunn's medical works?—Mrs. W. P. M.

Will the editor please tell me how two middle aged people—husband and wife—going to the city (any large city, Philadelphia for instance) after having always lived in the country should proceed first to find very cheap lodgings, and next to find employment? Also in what cities may be found evening schools, both for old and young, in which the common English branches are taught, beginning at the rudiments.—ANXIOUS.

Go to some quiet hotel at first, and then look over the advertisements in the daily paper of rooms to let, and go and make inquiries for yourself. It is easy to find out which are the respectable streets, by asking some one who would have no motive in deceiving you. As to getting employment, that will have to be obtained in the same way, unless you know some one in the city who can assist you. It is a somewhat difficult thing to do at once. Evening schools may be found in all large cities.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

If Mrs. M. S. Commack, Dumas, W. Va., will send 50 cents to the Co Operative Building Association, New York, for a copy of Shoppell's Building Plans for Modern Low Cost Houses, she will probably find there what she wants.—ED.

To Mary E. Huxford: Do nothing to your cactus, but keep all the water on it it need. It is the Cereus Pasacana. I have one seven years old. It blooms every year now, with from 50 to 100 blossoms at a time. If yours bloomed when a year old, it did well. Those fantastic shaped leaves are natural, and they all may grow on the side of another leaf. Mine is four feet across the top, and some of the leaves are round and some square. Yours may not bloom again for two or three years, or until it gets older. Mine was four years old before it bloomed at all, and then only two or three small blooms. You take off a leaf that has bloomed, and it will bloom the first year after; but will not bloom again for two or three years. That is the nature of the plant. Do not give it much water in winter. About once a week.—Mrs. E. S. TUPPER, Linden, Mich.

If A. C. Ayers will bend down a branch of the snowball, cover it with dirt, and keep it moist, putting on a weight to keep it in place, she will have a sprout to transplant in the spring. It should be put down in August.

Put your peanuts in a baking pan, set it in the oven; roast as you would coffee, being careful not to let them burn.

If E. B. Smith will take one pint mashed potatoes, one level teaspoonful of salt, and one heaping teaspoonful each of sugar and ginger, mix thoroughly, make into a ball while warm, in two days it will be ready to bake with. You can add a small piece of yeast cake, well soaked, if you choose, being careful to drain off all the water.—BEATRICE.

If "Woodbine" will write to me I will give her some practical hints on basting, that being my business; also will answer her first question satisfactorily. If "Lily" is address I will send a well printed directions for knit and crocheted baby socks or shoes. How I want to shake hands with our kind editor and thank her for some of her wise talks, especially those last on equal responsibility.—Mrs. C. BURNHAM, Clarence, Mo.

Will you please inform a lady reader of your paper, who cannot have an instructor, but test of self-instruction to pursue to obtain an education that will fit her to move in educated and refined society? What books will be required?—LOTTIE.

Write to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. Y., who is the secretary of the Chautauqua Club, and she will send you instructions.—ED.

Will you please republish the recipe, "How to make champagne cider?" I have lost my recipe; had it written to put in my scrap-book, where I paste all the BLADE recipes.—GUY W. WHEELER.

We cannot spend the time to look it up, but think if it was one quart of alcohol to a barrel of cider, the cider to have just reached the fermenting stage, when the alcohol is added. We should advise our friend to keep the cider sweet in some other way, however.—ED.

Mary Philips wants directions for preparing citron, such as you buy in the stores, for use in baking cake. I will tell her a way of candying it. Boil the citron in water until it is soft enough to be easily pierced with a fork; take out and put in a nice syrup of sugar and water and boil till sugar has penetrated it; take out and spread on dishes to dry slowly, sprinkling several times with powdered sugar and turning till dry enough to pack in jars or boxes, with sugar between layers.—G. Kebel, R. W. T.

Mrs J. M., Kansas City, will find what she wishes about returning calls in "Social Etiquette" which she can get by sending $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O. —ED.

Recipes.

Fried Cabbage—Chop fine; to one pint of chopped cabbage add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lard, a very little pepper (less peper than salt) and one-quarter teacupful of water; place over the fire, cook fifteen minutes, then add vinegar, less than one-fourth of a cupful, cook five minutes longer, then serve.

Pie Crust.—For one pie, one pint of sifted flour, ½ teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoon heaping full of lard; rub well together; add ½ teacupful of water, mix roll out with a little dry flour.

Custard for one pie. One tablespoon level full of corn starch, ¼ cupful of sugar, two eggs beaten together; add one pint of sweet milk and ¼ of a grated nutmeg, stir together, pour into crust or pan and bake quickly; when it gets a little brown and raises up all over the top about one-third of an inch higher than at first it is done; if you are not sure it is done tip it slightly, if done will be stiff.

Common Cake.—One-half cupful of butter or lard, one cup of sugar; rub well together with a spoon, add two eggs and stir well, (the eggs should be previously well beaten;) add a handful of raisins, the same of currants, (previously washed,) a spoonful of dried apple sauce or of peach sauce, a spoonful of jelly, the same of lemon extract, nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves and spice,—ground.

Boiled Rice.—To one teacupful of rice add ½ teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of raisins and currants, mixed (which must be previously washed) and one quart of milk or water (the latter is generally used for boiling, the former for baking;) place all in a small tin pail, cover tightly and place within a kettle part full of boiling water, cover the kettle and keep it boiling one hour or longer, adding more water as it boils out of the kettle.

Oyster Soup.—One can of cove oysters, one can of sweet milk (or half a can of water,) ½ teaspoonful of salt, half as much pepper, butter the size of a thimble; place all over a fire and let come to a boil; serve at once with crackers.

Oat Meal.—One teacupful of oat meal, ½ teaspoonful of salt, 1¾ pints of water; place in small pail within kettle and boil one hour. It will boil in ¾ of an hour if previously soaked.

Biscuit.—One qt of flour, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, well sifted in the flour; ½ teaspoonful of salt and 1 tablespoonful of lard well mixed into the flour; add 1 coffee cupful of sweet milk or water; mix and bake in rather hot oven.

Those who have buttermilk can use it in biscuit or corn bread, instead of sweet milk, by using 1 teaspoon level full of soda, instead of 2 heaping teaspoonsful of baking powder.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

HYBRID, MO.	EASTON, MINN.	GARFIELD, W. T.
Kate Barnes	Elnora M Taber	M Tresenriter
Dollie McNett	Nettie U Taber	Ira Tresenriter
York Narrows, N. Y.	William B Taber	Mild Tresenriter
Effie M Tryon	Jay L Taber	Hattie Lloyd
Nettie L Haskell	Frances E Taber	Earnest Lloyd
Jule M Haskell	Georgie A Taber	Lester Carter
Leona F Haskell	Mary Armstrong	Hattie Giles
Marion Badgley	Alice Armstrong	PLATTSVILLE, O.
Mollie G Skinner	Alva A Lindahl	A E Hunderson
Herrick J Skinner	Laura V Lindahl	SENECA FALLS, N. Y
Lottie E Skinner	Maggie Lindahl	Bertha M Race
Lanna L Beals	Hattie L Lindahl	Hattie M Ross
Liza A Robinson	Florence Haight	Nellie Clark
Mary Robinson	Blanche F Haight	Will Clark
Ernest Robinson	Arthur Morrison	Clara M Mitchell
Cornelia J Sayrs	Maud Morrison	Nora M Short
Mamie Calvert	Fred Klenk	Fred S Short
Bertie Calvert	Flossie Edwards	L M Lafayette
James A Calvert	Grace Edwards	Winnie M Short
Allee Chaplin	Mamie Quimby	Jennie L Hopper
Olive Chaplin	Charley Quimby	Sidney W Ross
Ponis F Chaplin	May I Pitcher	Allie E Lewis
Herbert Chaplin	Morenus Pitcher	John H Havens
Susan Johnson	C Burfield	Vern Zimmerman
Ina Moon	UBRICHSVILLE, O.	F E Morehouse
Bennie Moon	Boyd Mills	Minnie H Harris
Maria Moon	Rossie Kennedy	Edna E Short
Carrie Frink	Bessie Kennedy	Retta Short
Estella L Haskell	Bertie Kennedy	Roina J Stowell
Will C Bonar	Katherine Kerks	Robin Dale
May Anderson	Belle Parks	Hattie V Short
Lilly M Gallager	Ona Temple	MANSVILLE, FLA.
Mary Wilie	Della Temple	Eddie Kaufman
Edgar F Frick	RUSH LAKE, IOWA.	Mabel Kaufman
Richard Frick	Luella Hanna	CADILLAC, MICH.
Berry Frick	Minna Hanna	Mabel Allen
Lizzie Frick	Lizzie Hamilton	Eddie Allen
Laed McConkey	Alice Hamilton	Worth Allen
Walter Bacon	Artie Hamilton	Ida Mitchell
Ella Balcom	Mabel Jackson	ATKINSON'S MILLS, PA.
Mary Buteil	Fannie Jackson	Laura Russell
Nellie Shippy	Emma Jackson	ARCHER, FLA.
Jennie Tower	George Jackson	Ella D Bailey
Frank L Sweet	Roy Jackson	LAKE CITY, FLA.
Charles F Sweet	Guy Jackson	Frank Roberts
Aggie Thomson	Lizzie Cleaveland	Carrie Roberts
Helen A Holden	Louisa Cleaveland	BRIDGEPORT, N. Y.
LEROY HILL, KY.	Esther Cleaveland	Indas Mitchell
Harry Evans	Herman March	ATKINSON'S MILLS, PA.
Goldie Evans	Alice Ross	Edda Henderson
Bessie Hay	Belle Pratt	GIRARD, KAN.
Lulu Hines	Blanche Pratt	Fred Allen
Cassie Haste	Lena Elliott	PLYMOUTH, IND.
Minnie Evans	FLINT, MICH.	Wm Hand
Mollie Padget	Frank G Park	PAGE, DAK.
Bertha Feree	PULASKI, COL.	Bessie Berry
Laura Hines	John Gill	Lulu Berry
Mattie Hargis	REPUBLICAN CITY, NEB.	RIDGE, OR.
Belle Evans	Samuel Smith	Winnie Landry
Nellie Hatch	Leo Smith	Walter Landry
Nora Hubble	WASHINGTON, D. C.	Elsie Landry
Grace Webb	Hallie B Smith	LIDA, MINN.
Minnie Hargis	Roger G Smith	L Lancaster
Lizzie Feree	KEWANEE, ILL.	SPRING HILL, KAN.
Delia Ashley	Harry C Terry	Louis Bespy
Lily Wheeler	Orvell Cherry	Frank Brady
Ann Wheeler	HARTVILLE, MO.	GENOA, O.
Louisa Wheeler	S A Smith	Sadie Wood
Lucie Culp	TOPEKO, PA.	Ella Wright
Ollie Hines	KINCAID, KAN.	Mabel Myrs
Russel Pail	C E Henderson	C Fanorman
Walter Masero	WYANDOTTE, KAN.	May White
Lorna Smith	Willie McCann	Adella Pla tz
Hugh Vaught	Gertie McCann	Pearl Trent
Charles Smith	HOOKSTON, ILL.	Burt Bryant
Alva Smith	Frank Blosser	Burt White
Sy Langdon	FORESVILLE, N. Y.	MORRISON, IA.
Jerkent Ly	Clyde Hines	Lewis Godden
Wa ter Evans	Grant Boulnson	Grant Godden
Sy Hines	Emma Robinson	SELEY, O.
Hyrie Hall	Charley Hesser	Arthur Pollock
Mitchel Hines	WAHPETON, DAK.	Chester Pollock
Philmor Langdon	DEGBERT, DAK.	EUTCOTT, NEB.
Frank Perry	Fredie Bicking	Carrie Catlin
Edmund D Bond	Renna Bicking	Jennie Carlson
Thomas White	MICH.	Ella Greenwood
CEDAR RAPIDS, NEB.	Clara McCoy	Bessie Greenwood
Cora Sumption	WHEATLAND, CAL.	Annie M Peterson
ST. JOSEPH, MO.	Stella Deeds	SHERWOOD, NEB.
Nellie Sleppy	INDEPENDENCE, IND.	Willie Davis
WALNUT, KAN.	Ralph Camp	Willie Davis
Marvin Cravens	Daniel Warwick	W H Chapman

Names this week, 239. Total, 15,122.

IN THE GARDEN.

BESSIE CHANDLER.

We were working in the garden,
My little boy and I,
Both digging weeds,
And planting seeds
To blossom by and by.

"Here is some pop-corn, dear," I said,
"I'll give you for your own;
To plant and hoe,
And watch it grow,
And have it when it's grown."

He took the kernels eagerly,
His little hoe he dropped,
Then out he burst—
"Let's pop it first,
So it will come up popped!"

—*St. Nicholas.*

MORE ABOUT THE "INDUSTRY BAND."

FAYE HUNTINGTON.

It was with a sad look upon her wrinkled old face and a heavy weight tugging at her heart, that Grandma Frink unlocked the door of her little cottage one September morning. There came over her the feeling that perhaps she would not go in and out that door many more times. She had heard a hint of war that morning; the basket of clothes which she had brought from the Kingsleys was the last she would have to "do up" for them. They had been her best customers, and now they were all going to Europe for two years at least. Two other families for whom she had worked had already gone away, and with the winter approaching what was the poor lone woman to do! The little cottage was her own; it had been free from debt until two years before the expenses of her husband's long illness had used up their little savings; and when at length he died, the poor woman was obliged to mortgage her home to pay the doctor's bills and funeral expenses. Thus far she had been able to keep up the interest, but now work had grown scarce, and payday was near at hand, but she had not a cent with which to meet it! Many tears fell into the suds that day, and more fell upon the dainty ruffles which she fancied Satie Howe would put in my scrap-book, where I paste all the BLADE recipes.—GUY W. WHEELER.

We cannot spend the time to look it up, but think if it was one quart of alcohol to a barrel of cider, the cider to have just reached the fermenting stage, when the alcohol is added. We should advise our friend to keep the cider sweet in some other way, however.—ED.

Mary Philips wants directions for preparing citron, such as you buy in the stores, for use in baking cake. I will tell her a way of candying it. Boil the citron in water until it is soft enough to be easily pierced with a fork; take out and put in a nice syrup of sugar and water and boil till sugar has penetrated it; take out and spread on dishes to dry slowly, sprinkling several times with powdered sugar and turning till dry enough to pack in jars or boxes, with sugar between layers.—G. Kebel, R. W. T.

Mrs J. M., Kansas City, will find what she wishes about returning calls in "Social Etiquette" which she can get by sending $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O. —ED.

Recipes.

Fried Cabbage—Chop fine; to one pint of chopped cabbage add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lard, a very little pepper (less peper than salt) and one-quarter teacupful of water; place over the fire, cook fifteen minutes, then add vinegar, less than one-fourth of a cupful, cook five minutes longer, then serve.

Pie Crust.—For one pie, one pint of sifted flour, ½ teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoon heaping full of lard; rub well together; add ½ teacupful of water, mix, roll out with a little dry flour.

Custard for one pie. One tablespoon level full of corn starch, ¼ cupful of sugar, two eggs beaten together; add one pint of sweet milk and ¼ of a grated nutmeg, stir together, pour into crust or pan and bake quickly; when it gets a little brown and raises up all over the top about one-third of an inch higher than at first it is done; if you are not sure it is done tip it slightly, if done will be stiff.

Common Cake.—One-half cupful of butter or lard, one cup of sugar; rub well together with a spoon, add two eggs and stir well, (the eggs should be previously well beaten;) add a handful of raisins, the same of currants, (previously washed,) a spoonful of dried apple sauce or of peach sauce, a spoonful of jelly, the same of lemon extract, nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves and spice,—ground.

Boiled Rice.—To one teacupful of rice add ½ teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of raisins and currants, mixed (which must be previously washed) and one quart of milk or water (the latter is generally used for boiling, the former for baking;) place all in a small tin pail, cover tightly and place within a kettle part full of boiling water, cover the kettle and keep it boiling one hour or longer, adding more water as it boils out of the kettle.

Oyster Soup.—One can of cove oysters, one can of sweet milk (or half a can of water,) ½ teaspoonful of salt, half as much pepper, butter the size of a thimble; place all over a fire and let come to a boil; serve at once with crackers.

Oat Meal.—One teacupful of oat meal, ½ teaspoonful of salt, 1¾ pints of water; place in small pail within kettle and boil one hour. It will boil in ¾ of an hour if previously soaked.

Biscuit.—One qt of flour, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, well sifted in the flour; ½ teaspoonful of salt and 1 tablespoonful of lard well mixed into the flour; add 1 coffee cupful of sweet milk or water; mix and bake in rather hot oven.

Those who have buttermilk can use it in biscuit or corn bread, instead of sweet milk, by using 1 teaspoon level full of soda, instead of 2 he

The Farm.

Information Wanted

BEE BOOKS.—Would also like to know where I could get a book on "bee culture."—MRS. MARION SELL, Hornbrook, Pa. [*American Bee Journal*, Chicago, weekly, $1.00 per year; *Bee Keepers' Monthly*, Bartytown, N. Y., monthly, 1 $ 00, per year; *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, Medina, O., $1.00 per year, monthly—ED.]

FARMER, Pine City, Washington Ter.—We judge from your letter that your horse is affected with nasal gleet. Give him sulphate of copper, nitre, and powdered gentian, of each one drachm. Mix into a ball with linseed meal and give every night and morning. Inject the nostrels with chloride of zinc, 30 garins; water, two pints. Sprinkle chloride of lime on the bottom of the manger, so that the horse may inhale its odor while eating. Put about a tablespoonful of mustard in a pint of vinegar, and rub the throat of the animal, afterward wrapping the throat with flannel.—ED.

HOVEN.—Will you please give definite instructions through the BLADE for probing the paunch of bloated cattle? Some in this neighborhood lost cattle last spring when they turned in on clover. Had they known just where to insert a probe they might have been saved.—J. W. SURVEL, Windsor, Mo. [This is a condition brought on by eating too much of damp grasses, especially green clover. The rumen or first stomach becomes distended by food and gasses in process of fermentation that are generated. In cases that are severe, when the swelling results from gasses, plunge in a large sharp knife or sharp trocar and allow the gas to escape through the opening. The incision must be made through the most prominent part of the swelling, and if the opening become choked by the contents of the stomach, it must be cleaned out with a wire or stick. When the symptoms are not so severe, they may be relieved by giving half an ounce of turpentine every fifteen minutes until four ounces are taken. After the worst is over, give epsom salts, half an ounce; croton oil, 20 drops; linseed oil, one pint. "In cases where the swelling is from over feeding," says Lloyd V. Feller, M. D., "and the rumen is crammed with solid matters—which is easily recognized by its doughy sound on percussion—it is often necessary to empty it before any medicines can take effect. The best methods of performing this operation is as follows: Fasten the animal by the nose, with its right side to the wall; then plunge a sharp bistoury into the rumen, beginning midway between the last rib and the spine of the haunch bone, and from four to six inches from the back bone, cutting downward until the opening is large enough to admit the hand. Then run a stick through from the skin to the inner part of the stomach at the lower portion of the cut, so that the contents of the stomach may not escape into the cavity of the abdomen. Turn out with the hand the contents. Clean the edges of the wound thoroughly, sew up first the coats of the stomach, turning the edges in, and next the outer wound in the usual manner. Apply a stiff pitch plaster over the wound, and feed the animal on small quantities of slops for a few days."—ED]

OSTRICH RAISING—CATTLE IN SOUTH AMERICA.—Please publish the particulars as fully as possible of ostrich raising, profits, etc., naming some localities where they are raising them in North America. Also state something about cattle raising in South America, and where can I find information that is reliable, from uninterested parties, about cattle in South America?—SUBSCRIBER, Osage, Kansas. [The ostrich is a ratite bird, and grows seven or eight feet high, and weighs 80 to 100 pounds. The males are of a more or less black color, except the loose feathers of the wings and tail, which are white. The female is a dark, brownish gray, as are also the half-grown males. The head and neck are nearly naked, and the plumage in general is very loose. The quills of the wings and tail are remarkable for the length of the barbs, which, though having barboles, remain separate from each other. It is for these long white feathers of the wings and tail that the ostrich is hunted, the best being obtained from those taken from the wild birds, and from the living. Some of the plumage is so coarse as to resemble hair, and the wings have too plumeless shafts, like porcupine quill. It is claimed by some that the best feathers come from the Levant, and the north and west coast of Africa. From 75 to 90 good sized plumes, weigh a pound. Ostriches inhabit the dry, sandy plains of Africa, from the Barbary states and Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope. Their hearing and sight are very acute. They generally feed alone, but at times are seen in flocks. They are very fleet, and when alarmed, escape by a quick, stealthy and rapid run with the assistance of the wings. When feeding, the stride is from 20 to 22 inches; when walking, but not feeding, 26 inches; and when terrified, from 11½ to 14 feet. Taking 12 feet as the average stride, they would accomplish about 25 miles an hour, having the speed and endurance of the fleetest horse. They are run down sometimes by fleet horses, frequently chased. The Bushmen practice one of the most successful modes, that of clothing themselves in one of their skins and by this means getting near enough to kill them with a poisoned arrow. The ostrich can deliver a stunning blow with their feet. Their food consists of fruit, grain, leguminous, vegetables, leaves and tender shoots, insects, snails, etc. The nest is a simple hollow in the sand, from three to six feet in diameter, with a shallow border. It is frequently used by a single bird, or many in company, from 12 to 50 or 60 eggs, which are incubated at night, and left to the heat of the sun during the day. Outside the nest are scatted several eggs, which the Hottentots say are for the first food of the young. The capacity of the ostrich egg is equal to that of 24 hens' eggs, and the single one will weigh three or three pounds. In the genus struthio, the nandeau, or American ostrich, the tibia is less thick than in the African, and more curved at the tips. The wings are short and imperfect, with long, soft feathers; the tail not apparent; toes three, the inner the shortest. The best known species (*R. Americana*), is about half the size of the African ostrich, and a uniform gray-ish that, from which it takes the back. The head is covered with feathers, and the long plumage of the wings and rump is only used for making feather brushes. It is slay and fleet, but easily caught on horseback with the lasso, or by tripping it up by throwing two balls or stones at the legs connected by a thong.

A writer, familiar with ostrich farming, says that ostrich chicken feathers are useless until they are a year old; they are rarely cut before. At twelve months they are cut off; the stumps dry, and after a few weeks the bird sheds them, or they may be drawn out without pain, and with ease. The feathers then take six months to grow before they can again be cut. Three pluckings are obtained in two years' time. The process of plucking continues for many years, but it requires the greatest care to prevent the feathers from deteriorating. The feathers from the wild bird are the longest and finest, but rarely more than three on one bird are sufficiently perfect to render them fit for commerce. Hence the necessity of the farm. A male bird turns black at about the age of 18 months. The black and black-and-white feathers are pulled from different parts of the body; the white feathers come from one row only in the wing; tail-feathers are never as white as those in the wing, and are usually bleached for "tips." So little is known about the habits of the ostrich that people are surprised to find how the health of the bird affects its feathers; in many of the best feathers is what appears to be a line running across the feather. This, maybe, is not caused by the packing string being too tightly tied, but by a day's illness. So delicate are the feathers and so intimately and wonderfully connected are the circulation and nourishment, that a day's dyspepsia from overfeeding or underfeeding will leave this mark. A delicate bird has its feathers more or less marked throughout. Ostriches are not camped out for breeding until the male bird is four and the hen three years of age. They lay from ten to fifteen eggs, and incubate in 42 days. The male bird is a pattern husband and father; if accident should overtake his mate, it is most usual for him to continue the sitting, and he has frequently been known to bring off the brood successfully, "mothering" them with the greatest care until they can peck, which is not until three days after hatching. The nest of the ostrich is always in the sand, and is scratched out by the male bird; the hen forms a perfect wall of sand round her with her wings before the eggs are hatched. The ostrich knows no fear, and is a most formidable and dangerous opponent. Their cry, which answers to cock-crowing, is a deep bellow that can be heard for a couple of miles, and is called "brooming."

Ostrich farming is carried on successfully in Australia and India, and in California they are now raised. The Cape government locked the stable door, so to speak, when the steed was stolen. The £100 premium on every bird exported was too late to prevent farms being established in Australia India and California. Ostrich farming has caused an overstocked market, and we would not advise you to invest capital in it at present.

The capital of the Empire of Brazil, Rio de Janeiro, is the most important city in South America, and immense herds of cattle are raised in the vicinity and throughout the Empire. Next in importance is the city of Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine confederation. Large numbers of cattle are raised there, and the industry is constantly growing. For full information regarding the cattle industry write a letter to Thomas A. Osborn, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, or to Thomas O. Osborn, M. R. and C. G., Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic.—ED.]

M. C., Polk Co., Oregon. For scaly legs in fowls, rub the legs two or three times (once a week) with equal parts of lard and sulphur, to which a few drops of carbolic acid have been added. Do not grease sitting hens, as it injures the eggs.—ED.

GARGET.—Will you or some of your readers tell me what is the matter with my cow? She has given bloody milk for about a month from one teat and getting worse. Is it the garget? If so, please tell me how to cure it. What is the cause of the garget? The cow is a Durham in the 5th seat. She is not four years old. A fine heifer. I want to save her if possible.—LILLIAN JENNINGS, Candon. [Yes. Your cow is affected with garget. It is caused by overfeeding of stimulating food, or by violent exertion, as running or jumping, thus injuring the udder. Allowing the cow to go unmilked for a length of time also causes it. First, give a half a pound of salts, and after it has operated, give two ounces of saltpetre in the drinking water morning and night. Give the cow dry food, such as does not produce milk. This gives the inflamed udder rest. Bathe the udder with hot water for a few minutes night and morning, and then wipe dry, and rub it with soap liniment and camphor. Milk frequently and gently. An excellent thing to rub on the udder is: Powdered camphor, half an ounce; extract of belladonna, two ounces; lard, two ounces. Mix well together and apply with gentle friction. Either of the above prescriptions for rubbing on the udder may be had at a druggist's.—ED.]

Do Bees Rob?

EDITOR FARM:—When some stock raiser sees a neighboring bee-keeper have tons of honey gathered from his meadows, he thinks he has been robbed, and his clover is less sweet for his cattle. He ponders over it until he concludes he is a much-abused individual, and must have redress in some way. He does not see what he has gained, forgetting that—

"Crops will flourish all the more,
When flowers mate by rifled store."

Bees have a big job on their hands, fertilizing the crops of the farmers. Clover would become extinct if it were not for their labors, and corn, buckwheat and other plants numbers with which are benefited by their presence. Many flowers have their own fertilizing insects, and cannot propagate without their agency. Dicentra spectabilis perfects no seed in this country, because its fertilizing moth has never been imported. Messrs. farmer, gardener, horticulturist and stock-raiser, the bee is your servant and appears to have been created especially for your benefit. The honey that is secreted in the nectaries of flowers is apparently for no other purpose than a free lunch spread for the bees, inviting them to come and dine; and as they partake and fill their sacs with nectar, and pack their panniers with bread, they act as messengers carrying the fertilizing agent to another flower, which were it not for the honey, they would not do.—J. D. LEISURE, Lansing, Mich.

Marsh Draining.

EDITOR FARM:—Albert Booth, in the BLADE of October 28, requests information for draining his marsh. The drainage laws of Michigan, passed at the last session, will suggest the course to be pursued in draining your land. The only trouble in cultivating marshes and making them productive and profitable, is in getting rid of the water. If the fall is sufficient, there can be no serious difficulty in draining. A drain three feet deep, one foot wide at the bottom, and a slant on each side one-third of a foot, to one foot in depth, will give room for the flow in the time of high water, and be less liable to fill with falling muck, or which is better, a well laid tile of ample size and covered over, thus enabling the proprietor to cultivate over its surface. Cross or branch drains are sometimes necessary, and if the land is springy, a drain around the marsh to cut off the springs may be necessary. Drains like the above, although somewhat expensive, seldom or never fail to remunerate the proprietor, for the soil is so universally rich, having received the wash of surrounding lands for centuries.—SETH PRATT, Assyria.

Received.

The Southern Planter, devoted to agriculture, horticulture, live stock and the household. An excellent looking number. Published at Richmond, Va.

Seed Time and Harvest, devoted to rural affairs. Published at La Plume, Pa.

injudicious Inbreeding.

The go-easy, hap-hazard practices of many farmers lead to fatal errors in their breeding operations. Perhaps nothing connected with the business has this been given a more pointed application than in the unwarrantable retention, from year to year, of pigs that are akin—the purpose being to breed these together. Sophistry is potent and strikes deep into some minds, and, when fortified by the old-fold story of Bakewell's discovery, that in-and-in breeding was the cure-all for uncouth shapes and slow tendency to fatten, backed up by the then proper, but now absolute doctrine, as taken up and practiced for a brief period by the Collings and Mr. Bates, leads many a man astray in his selections for coupling. Why? asks a writer in the *Country Gentleman*. Simply because their success came of being near the fountain-head. They did as men should do in our day—namely, go far, and closely scrutinize other men's stock, that they might secure—what? Certainly not animals that were akin to their own, that they might push the in-and-in breeding idea, but rather animals that possessed the individual characteristics they were in quest of. They, in this way, secured fresh crosses, and this was half the cause of their success, the other half being due to the wisdom of their selections, based upon individual merit.

It should be ever kept in mind that the early breeders were at or near the fountain-head, during and following a period when live stock had no history worth the name; cattle roughing it at all seasons, and hardened in muscle, joint, and digestion by severe work under the yoke; and swine lived mainly upon what they had to wander and hand do no little traveling, to secure—viz, roots, beech-nuts, and acorns. (The case is now very different—we have no fountain-head to go back to, but must pick up our supply from the current as it floats past us, at best, more or less mingled in its drops. We are not now occupied in making any new breeds. They are apparently all made, and now, more than at any time in the past, is it required of us to be exceedingly vigilant, that we do not lose our grip upon those characteristics that make a given breed valuable, in an every-day practical sense.—*Our Country Home*.

Irish Butter.

Alluding to the inspection of Irish dairies in the county Kildare, by a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *North British Agriculturist* says:

"If the small dairies he has seen may be regarded as typical, there is no wonder that much of the Irish butter sent into the market cannot compete with the foreign article. By small dairies are meant those where only a few cows are kept, and sometimes only one. They exist in large numbers, and supply a considerable percentage of the Irish butter offered for sale. There is we are told, an old fashioned churn, 'covered at the bottom an inch thick with a fluid which was probably milk a-week before.' A discolored wooden dish, evidently intended for washing the butter after it leaves the churn, hold the remnants of a meal of potatoes boiled in their jackets. A plate of porridge, a dirty jug, grayish brown in color and marked by deep impressions of fingers not over clean, stands besides a crock of yellow streaky matter which is pointed out as 'last Monday's butter. The women showed supreme ignorance of any defects in the dairies. The degree of uncleanliness and filthiness in small farm houses varied, of course; in a few the parlor was neat and clean, and there was an attempt at cleanliness even in the corner of the barns, which too often represented the dairy—barns into which the barn-door fowls had free admittance. In one low cottage a bright-eyed house-wife 'smilingly showed us her basins of milk, and indeed her whole dairy, in the corner of a small bed-room, clean enough in itself, but hardly the place for butter-making.'"

An Obstacle to Physical Well Being.

Physicians rightly characterize constipation as an obstinate impediment to the welfare of the body. The performance of the more important functions, such as digestion, biliary secretion and an active circulation of the blood, are interrupted by it in a greater or less degree, as the slow development of the constipated is incipient or mature. Not at once, of course, but with reasonable promptitude, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will remove every symptom to which it gives rise, as well as the minor maladies that spring from it, among them indigestion and chronic biliousness. From drenching cathartics it is vain to hope for permanent benefit, and there are few purgatives that are not violent and profuse in their operation. Blue pill and calomel are designed to act upon the liver only, and taken frequently are pernicious to health. The bitters produces relaxation of the bowels without pain, and a renewal of their regularity. It also conquers fever and ague, rheumatism, neuralgia and inactivity of the kidneys.

DR. TALMAGE ON GAMBLING.

An Evil Which Strikes at the Whole World —The Many Terrible Consequences Which Follow Indulgence in this Awful Vice.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 7.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning on the subject "Aceldama." After expounding the epistle of James concerning the nature of temptation, Dr. Talmage announced the text, Acts 1, 19: "Aceldama, that is to say, the field of blood." Following is the sermon in full:

The money that Judas gave for surrendering Christ was used to purchase a graveyard. As the money was blood-money, the ground bought by it was called in the Syriac tongue Aceldama, meaning, "The field of blood." Well, there is one word I want to write to-day over every race course where wagers are staked, and every pool room, and every gambling saloon, and every life, public or private, where men or women bet for sums of money, large or small, and that is a word incarnadined with the life of innumerable victims—Aceldama. The gambling spirit, which is at all times a stupendous evil, ever and anon sweeps over the country like an epidemic, prostrating uncounted thousands. There never has been a worse attack than that from which all the villages, towns and cities are now suffering. The farces recently enacted in our Brooklyn court room, by which it was proved that in the City of Churches there is not enough moral force to put into the penitentiary the gambling jockeys who belong there, are only a specimen of the power gained by this abomination, which is brazen, sanguinary, transcontinental and hemispheric.

While among my hearers are those who have passed on into the afternoon of life, and the shadows are lengthening, and the sky crimsons with the setting sun, a large number of them are in early life, and the morning is coming down out of the clear sky upon them, and the bright air is redolent with spring blossoms, and the stream of life, gleaming and glancing, rushes on between flowery banks, making music as it goes. Some of you are engaged in mercantile concerns, as clerks and bookkeepers, and your whole life is to be passed in the exciting world of traffic. The sound of busy life stirs you as the drum stirs the fiery warhorse. Others are in the mechanical arts to hammer and chisel your way through life, and success awaits you. Others are preparing for professional life, and grand opportunities are before you; nay, some of you already have buckled on the armor.

But, whatever your age or calling, the subject of gambling about which I speak to-day, is pertinent. Some years ago, when an association for the suppression of gambling was organized, an agent of the association came to a prominent citizen and asked him to patronize the society. He said: "No; I can have no interest in such an organization. I am in no wise affected by that evil." At that very time his son, who was his partner in business, was one of the heaviest players in "Herne's" famous gambling establishment. Another refused his patronage on the same ground, not knowing that his own bookkeeper, though receiving a salary of only a thousand dollars, was losing $50 to $100 per night. The president of a railroad refused to patronize the institution, saying: "That society is good for the defense of merchants, but we railroad people are not injured by this evil;" not knowing that, at that very time, the conductors were spending three nights of each week at faro tables in New York. Directly or indirectly this evil strikes at the whole world.

Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than you hazard. The instruments of gaming differ, but the principle is the same. The shuffling and dealing of cards, however full of temptation, is not gambling unless stakes are put up; while on the other hand, gambling may be carried on without cards, or dice, or billiards, or a ten-pin alley. The man who bets on horses, on elections, on battles—the man who deals in "fancy" stocks, or conducts a business which hazards extra capital, or goes into transactions without foundation but dependent upon what men call "luck," is a gambler.

It is estimated that one-fourth of the business in London is done dishonestly. Whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without offering an equivalent in money, or time, or skill, is either the product of theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies come into the same category. Funds for the founding of hospitals, schools, and churches, conducted on the raffling system, come under the same denomination. Do not, therefore, associate gambling necessarily with any instrument, or game, or time, or place, or think the principle depends upon whether you play for a glass of wine of one hundred shares of railroad stock. Whether you patronize "auction pools," "French mutuals," or "book-making," whether you employ faro or billiards, rondo and keno, cards or bagatelle, the very idea of the thing is dishonesty; for it proposes to take from you a good for which you give no equivalent.

This crime is no new-born sprite, but a haggard transgression that comes down under a mantle of curses through many centuries. All nations, barbarous and civilized, have been addicted to it. Before 1838 the French government received revenue from gaming houses. In 1567 England, for the improvement of her harbors, instituted a lottery to be held at the front door of St. Paul's cathedral. Four hundred thousand tickets were sold at ten shillings each. The British Museum and Westminster Bridge were partially built by similar procedure. The ancient Germans would sometimes put up themselves and families, and suffer themselves to be bound, though stronger than the persons who won them.

But now the laws of the whole civilized world denounce the system. Enactments have been passed, but only partially enforced, and that feebly enforced at all. The men interested in gaming houses, and in jockey clubs, wield such influence by their numbers and affluence that the judge, the jury, and the police officer must be bold indeed who would array themselves against these infamous establishments. The House of Commons of England actually adjourns on Derby Day to go out and bet on the races; and the circles of society in this country to-day are many hundreds of, professedly, respectable men who are acknowledged gamblers.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars in this land are every day being won and lost through sheer gambling. Says a traveler through the West: "I have seen a thousand miles and in a time upon the Western waters, and seen gambling at every waking moment from the commencement to the termination of the journey." The Southwest of this country reeks with this sin. In some of those cities every third or fourth house in many of the streets is a gaming place, and it may be truthfully averred that each of our cities is cursed with this evil.

In themselves most of the games employed in gambling are without harm. Billiard tables are as harmless as tea tables, and a pack of cards as a pack of lettuce envelopes, unless stakes be put up. But by their use for profit the purposes they have become significant of an infinity of wretchedness—six hundred gambling saloons in New York city when last counted.

Men wishing to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the underground oyster cellar, but at the table back of the curtain, covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears deals out his pack and winks in the unsuspecting traveler—providing free drinks all round—but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surroundings.

This works ruin, both by unhealthful stimulants. Excitement is pleasurable. Under every sky and in every age men have sought it. The Chinaman gets it by smoking his opium, the Persian by chewing has-hish, the trapper in a buffalo hunt, the sailor in squall, the inebriate in the bottle, and the avaricious in the gaming table. We want at times have excitement. A thousand voices in our nature demand it. It is right. It is healthful. It is inspiring. It is a desire God-given. But anything that first gratifies this appetite and hurls it back in a terrible reaction, is deplorable and wicked. Look upon the face in agitation that, like a rough musician, in bringing out the tune, plays so hard he breaks down the instrument! God never made man strong enough to endure the wear and tear of gambling excitement.

No wonder if, having failed in the game, men have begun to sweep off imaginary gold from the side of the table. The man was sharp enough when in the startle of the game, but a maniac at the close. At every gaming table sit on one side Ecstasy, Enthusiasm, Romance—the frenzy of joy; on the other side Fierceness, Rage and Tumult. The professional gamester schools himself into apparent quietness. The keepers of gambling rooms are generally fat, rollicking and obese; but thorough and professional gamblers, in nine cases out of ten, are pale, thin, wheezing, tremulous and exhausted.

A young man having suddenly inherited a large property, sits at the hazard tables, and takes up in a dice box the estate won by a father's lifetime's sweat, and shakes it, and tosses it away. Intemperance soon stigmatizes its victim—kicking him out, a slavering fool into the ditch, or sending him, with the drunkard's hiccough, staggering up the street where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose its victims. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion, yet you only discover it by the greed in his eyes, the hardness of his features, the nervous restlessness, the threadbare coat, and his embarrassed business. Yet he is on the road to hell, and no preacher's voice, or startling warning, or wife's entreaty, can make him stay for a moment his headlong career. The infernal spell is on him; a giant is aroused within, and though you bind him with cables they would part like thread, and though you fasten him seven times round with chains they would snap like rusted wire; and though you piled up in his path, heaven-high, Bibles, tracts, and sermons, and on the top should set the cross of the Son of God, over them all the gambler would leap like a roe over the rocks on his way to perdition. "Aceldama. The field of blood."

Again, this sin works ruin by killing industry. A man used to reaping scores or hundreds of dollars from the gaming table will not be content with slow work. He will say: "What is the use of trying to make these $50 in my store when I can get five times that in half an hour down at Billy's?" You never knew a confirmed gambler who was industrious. The men given to this vice spend their time, not actively employed in the game, in idleness, or intoxication, or sleep, or in planning new victims. Thus sin has lulled the carpenter's saw and cut the band of the factory wheel, sunk the cargo, broken the teeth of the farmer's harrow, and sent a strange lightning to shatter the battery of the philosopher. The very first idea in gaming is at war with all the industries of society. Any trade or occupation that is of use is ennobling. The street sweeper advances the interests of society by the cleanliness effected. The cat pays for the fragments it eats by clearing the house of vermin. The fly that takes the sweetness from the dregs of the cup, compensates by purifying the air and keeping back the pestilence. But the gambler gives not anything for that which he takes. I recall that sentence. He does make a return; but it is disgrace to the man that he fleeces, despair to his heart, ruin to his business, anguish to his wife, shame to his children, and eternal wasting away to his soul. He pays in tears, and blood, and agony, and darkness, and woe.

What dull work is plowing to the farmer when in the village saloon in one night he makes and loses the value of a summer harvest! Who will want to sell tape, and measure mankeen, and cut garments, and weigh sugar, when in a night's game he makes and loses again the profits of a season? John Borack was sent as a mercantile agent from Bremen to England and this country. After two years his employers mistrusted that all was not right. He was a defaulter for $97,000. It was found that he had lost, in Lombard street, London, $20,000; in Fulton street, New York, ten thousand dollars, and in New Orleans, three thousand dollars. He was imprisoned, but afterwards escaped, and went into the gambling profession. He died in a lunatic asylum. This crime is getting its fever under many a mercantile house in our cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home comfort, and immortal souls. How it diverts and sinks capital may be inferred from some authentic statement before us. The ten gaming houses that once were authorized in Paris passed through the banks yearly, three hundred and twenty-five millions of francs.

Where does all the money come from? The whole world is robbed! What is most sad, there are no consolations for the loss and suffering entailed by gaming. It men fall in lawful business, God pities and society commiserates: but where in the Bible or in society is there any consolation for the gambler? From what fountain of tears can there a balm that can soothe the gamester's heart? In that bottle there God keeps the tears of his children; are there any tears of the gambler? Do the winds that come to kiss the faded cheek of sickness and to cool the heated brow of the laborer, whisper hope and cheer to the one victim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble he has sympathy. "Poor fellow," they say. But do gamblers come to weep at the agonies of the gambler? In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Porter gave it at the throw of a die, a fortune all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came down from the saloon and got into his carriage, went back, put up his horses and carriage, and town house, and played. He threw and lost. He started home, and on a side alley met a friend, from whom he collected a few guineas; went back to the saloon, and before a great while had won twenty thousand pounds. He died at last a beggar in St. Giles. How many gamblers felt sorry for Mr. Porter? Who sympathized in the loss of his estate? What gambler subscribed to put a stone over the poor man's grave? Not one!

Furthermore, this sin is the source of uncounted dishonesty. The game of hazard itself is often a cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is oftimes found out by fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the back. And one gamester has these accomplices, and one may decide the game. The dice have been found loaded with platina so that doublets come up every time. The dice are introduced by the gamblers unobserved by the honest men who come into the play, and this accounts for the fact that ninety nine out of a hundred who gamble, become wealthy when they began, at the end are found to be poor, miserable, haggard wretches, that would not be allowed to sit on the doorstep of the house they once owned. In a gaming house in San Francisco, a young man, having just counted the money in the ace, and won $22,000. But the tide turns. Intense anxiety comes upon the countenances of all. Slowly the cards went forth. Every eye is fixed. Not a sound is heard until the ace is revealed favorable to the bank. There are shouts of "Four!" "Four!" but the keeper of the table produce their pistols, and the uproar is silenced, and the bank has won $95,000. Do you call this a game of chance? There is no chance about it.

But these dishonesties in the carrying on of the game are nothing when compared with the frauds that are committed in order to get money to go on with the befardous work. Gambling sets in with its needy hand, has snatched away the widow's mite, and the position of the orphans; has sold the daughter's virtue to get the means to continue the game; has written the counterfeit signature; emptied the banker's money vault, and wielded the assassin's dagger! There is no depth of meanness to which it will not descend. There is no cruelty at which it is appalled. There is no warning of God that it will not dare. Merciless, unappeasable, fiercer and wilder it blinds, it hardens, it rends, it blasts, it crushes, it damns. It has peopled our prisons and lunatic asylums.

How many railroad agents, and cashiers, and trustees of funds it has driven to disgrace, incarceration, and suicide! Witness years ago a cashier of the Central railroad and banking company, of Georgia, who stole $103,000 to carry on his gaming practices. Witness the $50,000 stolen from a Brooklyn bank, within the memory of many of you, and the $180,000 taken from a Wall street insurance company for the same purpose. These are only illustrations on a large scale of the robberies committed for the purpose of carrying out the designs of gamblers. Hundreds of thousands of dollars every year leak out without observation from the merchant's till into the gambling hell.

A man in London keeping one of those gambling houses boasted that he had ruined a nobleman a day; but if all the saloons in this land were to speak out they might utter a more infamous boast, for they have destroyed a thousand noble men a year.

Notice also the effect of this crime upon domestic happiness. It has sent its ruthless plowshare through hundreds of families, until the wife sat in rags, and the daughters were disgraced, and the sons grew up to the same infamous practices, or took a short cut to destruction across the murderer's scaffold.

Home has lost all charms for the gambler. How tame are the children's caresses and a wife's devotion to the gambler. How dreamily the fire burns on the domestic hearth! There must be louder laughter, and something to win and something to lose; and excitement to drive the heart faster, jillip the blood and fire the imagination. No home, however bright, can keep back the gamester. The sweet call of love bounds back from his iron soul, and the endearments are consumed in the fire of his passion. The family Bible will go after all other treasures are lost, and if his crown in heaven were put into his hand he would cry: "Here goes; one more game, my boys! On this one throw I stake my crown of heaven!"

A young man in London on coming of age, received a fortune of $120,000, and through gambling in three years was thrown on his mother for support.

An only son went to New Orleans. He was rich, intellectual, and elegant in manners. His parents gave him on his departure from home, their last blessing. The sharpers got hold of him. They flattered him. They lured him to the gaming table and let him win almost every time for a good while, and patted him on the back and said: "First-rate player." But fully in their grasp they fleeced him, and his $30,000 were lost. Last of all he put up his watch and lost that. Then he began to think of his home, and of his old father and mother, and wrote this:—

"My beloved parents: You will doubtless

—If you suffer prickling pains on moving the eyes, or cannot bear bright light, and find your sight weak and failing, you should promptly use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve. 25 cents a box.

Ben Butler has been retained to defend Rev. W. W. Downs, Boston's notorious preacher, who is charged with adultery.

feel a momentary joy at the reception of this letter from the child of your bosom, on whom you have lavished all the favors of your declining years. But should a feeling of joy for a moment spring up in your hearts, when you should have received this from me, cherish it not, have fallen deep, never to rise. Those gray hairs that I should have honored and protected, I shall bring down in sorrow to the grave. I will not curse my destroyer, but oh, may God avenge the wrongs and impositions practiced upon the unwary in a way that shall best please him. This, my dear parents, is the last letter you will ever receive from me. I humbly pray your forgiveness. It is my dying prayer. Long before you will have received this from me, the cold grave will have closed upon me forever. Life to me is unsupportable. I can ot, nay, I will not, suffer the shame of having ruined you. Forget and forgive is the dying prayer of your unfortunate son."

The old father came to the postoffice, got the letter and fell to the floor. They thought he was dead at first, but they brushed back the white hair from his brow and fanned him. He had only fainted. I wish he had been dead, for what is life worth to a father after his son is destroyed? "Aceldema, the field of blood!"

When things go wrong at a gaming table, they shout: "Foul! foul!" Over all the gaming tables of the world I cry out: "Foul! foul! Infinitely foul!"

"Gift stores" are abundant throughout the country. With a book, or knife, or sewing machine, or coat, or carriage, there goes a prize. At these stores people get something thrown in with their purchase. It may be a gold watch, or a set of silver, a ring, or a farm. Sharp way to get off unsalable goods. It has filled the land with fictitious articles, and covered up our population with brass finger rings, and despoiled the moral sense of the community, and is fast making us a nation of gamblers.

The church of God has not seemed willing to allow the world to have all the advantage of these games of chance. A church fair opens, and towards the close it is found that some of the more valuable articles are unsalable. Forthwith, the conductors of the enterprise conclude that they will raffle for some of the valuable articles, and, under pretense of anxiety to make their minister a present or please some popular member of the church, fascinating persons are dispatched through the room, peril in hand, to "solicit shares," or perhaps each draws for his own advantage, and scores of people go home with their trophies, thinking it is all right, for Christian ladies did the embroidery, and Christian men did the raffling, and the proceeds went towards a new communion set. But you may depend on it, that as far as morality is concerned, you might as well have won by the crack of the billiard ball or the turn of the dice box.

Do you wonder that churches built, lighted, or upholstered by such processes as that come to great financial and spiritual decrepitude? The Bible says, "I hate robbery in a burnt house of worship, and I have as much right there as you have," and for once the devil is right.

We do not read that they had a lottery for building the church at Corinth, or at Antioch, or for getting up an embroidered surplice for St. Paul.

All this I style ecclesiastical gambling. More than one man who is destroyed can say that his first step on the wrong road was when he won something at a church fair.

The gambling spirit has not stopped for any indecency. There transpired in Maryland a lottery in which people drew for lots in a burying-ground. The modern habit of writing about everything is productive of immense mischief.

The most healthful and innocent amusements of yachting and base ball playing have been the occasion of "putting up extravagant wagers. That which to many has been advantageous to body and mind has been to others the means of financial and moral loss. The contests in pedestrianism in the extreme, where scores of men in respectable life give themselves up to betting, now on this boat, now on that—now on this ball club, now on that.

Betting, that once was chiefly the accompaniment of the race course, is fast becoming a national habit, and in some circles no opinion is advanced on finance or politics is accosted with the interrogation: "How much will you bet on that, sir?"

This custom may make no appeal too slow, lethargic temperaments, but there are in the country tens of thousands of quick, nervous, sanguine, excitable temperaments, ready to be acted upon, and their feet will soon take hold on death. For some months, and perhaps for years, they will linger in the more polite and elegant circle of gamesters, but after a while they gather with the common herd at the final plunge. Finding themselves in the rapids, they will try to back out, and hurled over the brink, they will clutch the side of the boat, until their finger-nails, blood-tipped, will pierce the wood, and then, with white cheek and agonized stare, and the terrors of lost souls filling the very hair from the scalp, they will plunge down where no grappling-hook can drag them out.

Young man! stand back from all styles of gambling. The end thereof is death. The ten-pin alley affords the best of physical exercises, and many an hour I have passed in some such place, enjoying physical invigoration; but many of the ten-pin alleys are now given up to gambling practices. Husbands, brothers, fathers, enter. Put down your thousand dollars all in gold eagles! Let the boy set up the pins at the other end of the alley! Now stand back and give the gamester room! I swing the first—here! it strikes! and down goes his respectability! Try it again. Roll the second—there! it strikes! and down goes the last feeling of humanity! Try it again. Roll the third—there! it strikes! and down goes his soul forever! He was not so much as the pins that fell, as the soul that sank in the fatal ten-strike for eternity! "Aceldama, the field of blood."

Shall I sketch the history of the gambler? Lured by bad company he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game, but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The players deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into Satan's hands, who takes all the tricks and both the players' souls for trumps—he being a sharper at any game. A slight stake is put up just to add interest to the play. Game after game is played. Larger stakes, and still larger. They begin to move nervously on their chairs; their brows corrugate; their eyes flash, until now, who win and they who lose, fired alike with passion, sit with set jaws, and compressed lips, and clenched fists, and eyes like balls that seem starting from their sockets to see the final turn before it comes; if losing, pale with envy, and tremulous with the unuttered oaths cast back red-hot upon the heart—or, winning, with hysteric laugh—"Ha! ha! I have it!"

A few years passed, and he is only the wreck of a man. Seating himself at the game, ere he throws the first card, he stakes the last relic of his wife—the marriage ring which she put on with solemn vows between them. The game is lost, and staggering back in exhaustion he dreams. The bright hours of the past mock his agony, and in his dreams fiends with eyes of fire and tongues of flame circle about him with joined hands, to dance and sing their orgies with hellish chorus, chanting "Hall, there's room!" kissing his clammy forehead until their loathsome locks flowing with serpents, crawl into his bosom and sink their sharp fangs and suck up his life's blood, and coiling around his heart pinch it with chills and shudders unutterable.

Take warning! You are no stronger than tens of thousands who have by this practice been overthrown. No young man in our cities can escape being tempted. Beware of the first beginnings! This road is a down grade, and every instant increases the momentum. Launch not upon this treacherous sea. Split hulks strew the beach. Leering sirens howl up and down, tossing unwary crafts into the hell-gate. I speak of what I have seen with my own eyes. I speak of what I have seen with my own eyes. I have looked off into the abyss, and have seen the foaming and the hissing and the whirling of the horrible vortex in which damned victims writhed, one upon another, and struggled, strangled, blasphemed, and died—the death stare of eternal despair upon their countenances as the waters gurgled over them!

To a gamblers death-bed there comes no hope. He will probably die alone. His former associates come not nigh his dwelling. When the hour comes his miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity. As his poor remains pass the house where he was ruined, old companions may look out a moment and say: "There goes the gamester—dead at last," but they will not get up from the table. Let him down into his grave. Plant no tree to cast its shade there for the long, deep, eternal gloom that settles there is shadow enough. Plant no "forget me-nots" or eglantines around the spot, for flowers were not made to grow on such a blasted heath. Visit it not in the sunshine, for that would be mockery, but in the dismal night, when no stars are out, and the spirits of darkness come down on the wind, then visit the grave of the gambler.

News of the Week.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

Gratifying Republican Gains all Over the Country—General Election News.

Alabama Solid.

Bankhead, D., appears to be elected to Congress in the Sixth district. Gen. Joe Wheeler is elected in the Eighth.

California.

Partial returns from all the counties in the state outside of San Francisco, give the Republicans a majority. Unless the majority for Bartlett, Democrat for Governor, proves to be much larger in San Francisco than is expected, Sw

WASHINGTON.

NATIONAL BANKS.

How Bonds Affect Them—Views of the Comptroller of the Currency.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—Mr. Trenholm, comptroller of the currency, in an interview, speaking of the effect on the national banking system of the continuous calling of the 3 per cent. bonds, said: "Whenever the bonds are called for redemption the interest upon them ceases, but the treasury cannot make the bank surrender its bonds and receive payment therefor. Many of the banks are satisfied to have the interest on the interest of the 3 per cent bonds if they only can continue to do business by allowing them to remain as security in the hands of the United States Treasurer after they have been called, but only interest bearing bonds are acceptable as security.

"The National banking act of 1862, the act establishing the National banking system, in one clause, made it necessary that interest-bearing registered bonds of the United States should be deposited with the treasurer, in order that the bank might begin business as a national bank. But in a subsequent clause which specified the amount of bonds that must be deposited, the word 'interest-bearing' was not repeated; and for that reason, some of the banks contend that having complied with the first section by depositing interest bearing bonds they can continue with the second section to do business on the bonds of bonds which have ceased to be interest-bearing by being called for redemption.

"But the Treasury department has held that the law requires all bonds kept on deposit to be interest-bearing, and the opinion of Attorney Gen. Garland has been affirmed by the rulings of the department. He says that about $7 000,000 of 3 per cent. bonds are still outstanding and liable to call, and that three-fourths of those called within the past two or three months have been held by the treasurer of the United States for national banks.

"The question now is, will the if national banks surrender the law and surrender the bonds for redemption when called, Mr. Trenholm said: 'I shall ask the attorney general what I must do. You know, a failure to comply with the law renders a bank liable to forfeiture of its charter. If national bank fails to keep on deposit the kind of bonds required by law it may be proceeded against in the courts for the forfeiture of its charter, but so violent a remedy would be resorted to only as an unavoidable public duty."

The volume of national bank currency at present outstanding, Mr. Trenholm says, is in round numbers about $217,000,000. He does not think that any considerable proportion of the 3 per cent. bonds now on deposit as a basis of national bank circulation will be replaced by other bonds when called. Some of the banks, he says, have already notified him that they will go out of the business. Whether any great inconvenience will result from the banks going out of business, he says, depends upon the number and importance of the banks that drop out of the system. As a rule, he says, the large banks will have no difficulty in maintaining the minimum deposit necessary to enable them to do business.

UNITED STATES MINTS.

An Interesting Report from the Director—Uncle Sam Leads.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—Dr. James P. Kimball, the director of the mint, has submitted to the secretary of the treasury his annual report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1886. While the volume of work executed at mints during the year was greater, he says, than that of the previous year, the total expenditures were less by $197,088.

The coinage of gold during the year amounted to $34,077,380, against $24,861,123 in the preceding year. The silver coinage of the year amounted to $30,022,348, against $28,848,959 in the preceding year. Of the coinage of the year $20,838,905 consisted of silver dollars, and the remainder of subsidiary silver. In addition to the gold and silver coin 1,706,651 minor coins were struck, of the value of $17,377.65. The total coinage was $84,384,022 pieces, of the value of $64,117,105. In addition to the coinage, the value of gold and silver bars manufactured during the year amounted to $27,38,032. At the date of the passage of the act authorizing the coinage of the standard dollar, February 28, 1878, the London price of silver dollar was 55d, equal to $1.205 per ounce fine, at which price the intrinsic value of a silver dollar was 93.053 cents. During the year the price of silver reached 55d, the tendency having been steadily downward, with occasional temporary advance.

During the past year the decline has been very marked. On July 1, 1885, the price of silver in London was 49¼ pence, British standard, equal to $1.079 per ounce fine, while on June 30, 1886, the price was 44 11-16 pence, equivalent to $0.979 per ounce fine. Since the close of the fiscal year there has been a further decline, until on July 31, 1886, the price of silver reached 42 pence, equivalent to $ 92 per ounce fine, which is the lowest price ever reached. At the latter price the bullion value of the silver dollar is $0.712

The price has since advanced until on October 20, 46 1-16 pence, equivalent to $0.98 78 per ounce fine. The value of the gold and silver wasted in the operative departments of the mints during the year was $19,206.

The value of the gold bullion imported into the United States during the year was $4,073,458; exported, $27,365,000. The import of gold coin into the United States was $16,669,891; exported, $15,440,917. The import of silver bullion during the year was $8,151,435; exported, $10,780,956, of which $354,848 consisted of trade dollars. The director estimates the amount of United States coin in the United States July 1, 1886, to have been: Gold, $548,320,031; silver, $308,784,123. Total, $857,104,254.

In addition to the coin there was gold and silver bullion in the mints and assay offices belonging to the government, as follows: Gold bullion, $42,454,430; silver bullion, $3,468,620, making the estimated stock of coin and bullion available for coinage in the United States, $903,027,304.

INGERSOLL AND GEORGE.

The Colonel Tells Why and How Far He Agrees With Henry George.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—Col. R. G Ingersoll is in the city, and was interviewed at considerable length regarding Tuesday's election. Following is that portion of the interview relating to the contest in New York:

"What lesson do you draw from the election in New York and its bearing upon the national campaign?"

"I think the foundations have been laid for a new party. I think the people who have done the work of the world begin to see that they have the power to control. I think they clearly understand at last that all that is necessary for them to do is to stand together—not for the purpose of robbing the rich, but for the purpose of keeping the rich from robbing them; not for the purpose of destroying property, but for the more equitable distribution of the profit of labor and capital. In other words, they are tired of seeing one or two men live in luxury while several hundred simply exist in poverty. They find, too, that the men who exist in poverty create the very wealth with which the others live in luxury. We are reaching, I think, a new philosophy, and that is that they who do the most should have the most; that honest industry should have a good living, a good home, good clothes, good food, and good soil should not eat the crust and the crumbs and give the loaf to idleness; that those who tread the wine-press alone should drink the wine. And they are finding another thing—that the form of government amounts to nothing long as the few are to live on the many. My belief is that the time will come when no man will be allowed to own more land than he uses; that there is not a particle of sense in seven or eight people owning two-thirds of Scotland, in 600 or 700 people owning three-fourths of Ireland, and 10 000 or 12 000 people owning the most of England. It is simply idiotic, and any one who thinks it is right is either an idiot or one of the owners. So I think the time will come when a man will be allowed to own only the land that he can use. I do not propose to have this brought about by any revolution or by hanging a fellow because he happens to be president of a bank. I do not believe in doing this by robbing the rich, but I believe in inaugurating a system which will gradually prevent the rich from robbing the poor. Capital can very easily unite for the purpose of self-protection. Labor is learning the same lesson. The time will come, in my judgment, when certain people will regret the day that they ever advised the workingmen to appeal to the ballot. In the old times there were barons and noblemen who owned a vast portion of the country, and to whom others had to pay tribute for the privilege of digging and plowing and living. It was a matter of whether you call a man an earl or a duke—no matter what his title is, if he in fact owns hundreds and thousands of acres here, and if he and his children through all coming generations compel hundreds and thousands of other people to be tenants and serfs, it is the aristocratic system. For instance, suppose the Astors and the Vanderbilts should combine? They could buy all of the farms in Illinois—all of them. Suppose they did it, would any philanthropist, would any statesman say that it was for the good of Illinois to have 5,000,000 of tenants and three or four landlords? millions of people living in poverty, misery, and a few rioting in luxury beyond the imagination? Will anybody say that that is for the best? I believe in a nation of home-owners, home-builders, not in a nation of tenants owned by a few landlords. For instance, in California, a few men are endeavoring to own the land of the state. Now, there is this tendency, and the laboring man must protect himself. If I had my way, I would like to see a home of a certain value, that is to say of a reasonable value, exempt not only from forced sale for debts, but absolutely exempt from taxation, to the end that we might have a country filled with homes, because I believe that characters—that is, patriotism, and virtue are born by the fireside. I believe that vice, and cowardice, and crime spring up in the tenement-house. These are a few of the reasons why I supported Henry George, and if my throat had been well I should have made a few speeches for him. Not that I agree with all of his theories—not that I agree with all of any man's theories who has brain enough to have theories, but I agree with his sympathies—I agree with his heart."

JARRETT'S TARIFF CAMPAIGN.

No Free Traders in Illinois, and but Few in the South Now.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 4.—John Jarrett, ex-president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, has returned from the West, where he had been conducting a tariff campaign against Morrison and other free traders. In an interview, Mr. Jarrett said: "I think I did not go on the mission of his own volition, but was sent as the representative of the American Tin Plate association, of which he is secretary. So far as he could learn, the iron and steel manufacturers of this section had not contributed a cent toward the defeat of the free traders in the West. Appeals for money had been sent to friends in Pittsburg, but they were not answered.

When asked about the sentiment in regard to tariff in Illinois, Mr. Jarrett replied: "In all the two weeks which I spent there, I did not find one man in favor of free trade. The tariff feeling is rapidly growing through the West and South."

"I suppose that the new iron mills in Birmingham, Ala., and other parts of the South arouse this feeling?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jarrett, "I found that to be the case all through the South when I went there two months ago, and as an illustration of the change of sentiment there I may mention the case of an old farmer I met in Tennessee, who told me that before the iron mills were started in his vicinity he could not get $10 an acre for his land; he was then a free trader; since then he can get $150 per acre, and now he is a tariff man."

Mr. Jarrett, in conclusion, attributed the defeat of Congressmen Frank Hurd, Morrison and Randolph Tucker to the growing sentiment in favor of tariff in the South and West.

POWDERLY'S POSITION.

He is a Protectionist—The Country Not Ready for Free Trade.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The *World* this morning prints a card from T. V. Powderly. Mr. Powderly writes to correct a statement made in the *World* that he was a free trader. He says: "I am a protectionist from the top of my head to the bottom of the foot. I have experienced no change of heart or sentiment on the question of protection. This country is not ready for free trade, and until it is I will be a protectionist. Further on in the report I am quoted as follows: 'It behooves us to vote for duty on duty, that now, so that the longing eyes that are looking to New York shall see that this man is supported until he shall take his place in the White House at Washington.'

"That language is not mine. I did not mention Mr. Cleveland's name, or even refer to him in connection with the Presidency. It was my advice to continue the work they had began until the example set would enable the industrial masses to name the man who would occupy the presidential chair at Washington."

TROUBLE FEARED IN THE PARK.

The Big Geysers Threaten to Let Loose at Any Moment.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 9.—A telegram received from the manager of the Yellowstone National Park hotel says there were strong indications, yesterday, that the Excelsior geyser was in Hell's Half Acre, is about to erupt. Strong convulsions were felt in the morning, shaking houses at the falls, the upper and the lower basins. Crockery and glassware were thrown from the shelves and at Norris, windows were broken and the plaster on the walls of the houses cracked.

At the general offices of the Northern Pacific there is considerable apprehension that if there is an eruption much damage will be done to the park. Norris is 25 miles from Hell's Half Acre, and if the subterranean rumblings are felt there it is thought the eruption will be general throughout the park.

He Wanted to be Entirely Forgotten.

CHICAGO, Nov. 9.—A special dispatch from Joliet, Ill., says: F. Zirkle, a prominent and wealthy marble contractor and tombstone maker, died very suddenly yesterday. A queer document was found after his death purporting to be his will. Is directed that he should have no funeral and no burial ceremonies; that nobody should be apprised of his death; that only his daughter and wife should follow his corpse to the grave; that none but them should be permitted to see his corpse; that the fixtures of the sexton of the cemetery should be his pall-bearers, and that no announcement, before or after his burial, should be made in the newspapers.

Seizing Bogus Butter at St. Louis

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 4.—Under the new oleo margarine law, many seizures of bogu butter were made by the internal revenue officers. The latter began their work early in the day, and went from house to house testing butter and confiscating all but the genuine article. Before the day had closed seizures were made at twelve different places.

HENRI WATTERSON, OF KENTUCKY,

Arrives from Europe, and is Interviewed —His Ideas on the Defeat of Hurd and Morrison—He Thinks None Too Well of the Administration, and Says Tariff Reform Will Be the Next Great Issue.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—Mr. Henry Watterson arrived in New York from Havre on the French steamship, La Burgoyne, late on Sunday night, and yesterday went to the new Hotel Bartholdi. A reporter of the *Sun* found him there last evening at dinner, as ruddy and hearty from his sea voyage as a school boy, and besieged by friends. Mr. Watterson comes back from his summer abroad reinvigorated and refreshed, and satisfied that America is the home of the brave and the land of the free.

He said that he had devoted some part of the twelve hours since he reached his hotel to reading the New York newspaper reports of the recent election. His views of the results, however, he admitted might be ill-formed upon insufficient information about local influences upon which had entered into some of the important contests in the country.

Mr. Watterson said he agreed with the *Sun* upon the imperative necessity of the creation of an adequate system of coast and harbor defenses, but he thought that Congress could be brought to appropriate action only by the abandonment on the part of representatives of the Eastern states of the spirit and tone of condemnation of everything Western and Southern. He hated a job in the River and Harbor bill as much as any one, but Eastern newspapers must allow some little intelligence and honesty to the Western and Southern representatives, and while the ordinary coast and harbor improvements in the East were practically completed, it must be allowed that the improvements of Western and Southern rivers were for the greater part desirable and honestly planned.

Regarding the defeat of Mr. Morrison, Mr. Watterson had this to say: He did not consider that it was to be laid to the tariff question. There had been no change in Morrison's views or attitude on the tariff, but he believed that there had been a disaffection among the Democrats in Morrison's district, due solely to a disappointment with the results of a Democratic administration, and that disaffection he admitted was not by any means confined to Morrison's district. Democrats generally, he thought, felt that they had lost their baggage on the field. The issue in the next session of Congress, he was sure, would be the tariff, for the Western and Southern people were determined upon a thorough revision.

The narrow escape of Carlisle from defeat, Mr. Watterson said, was merely an accident. The opposition to him was regarded as of no consequence. This experience would teach the necessity of a careful and systematic canvass, even in a district deemed safe.

The defeat of Frank Hurd in the Toledo district Mr Watterson attributed solely to personal opposition to Mr. Hurd, because of his practical non-residence in the district which he sought to represent.

Mr. Watterson was inclined to regard the labor vote with respectful words. "No man," he said, "could tell how it would turn out, whether it would be held together to become a power in politics or fall to pieces in the presence of a national issue."

Mr. Cleveland's re-nomination, Mr. Watterson looks upon as altogether probable. The Democrats, he is inclined to think, will rise above the spirit shown in their demand for a tariff revision, and if they can re-elect Cleveland, do away with the nonsense of civil service reform, and accomplish their main aim—tariff revision—well and good. If they can't re-elect Mr. Cleveland, then they will simply lose a lot of offices which they haven't got. So far as the personality of the present government is concerned, it might as well be Republican. He thinks that Cleveland will be renominated, nevertheless, for lack of any candidate to oppose him, and if the Democrats are defeated, they will still have left their organization and their aims.

PRES. CLEVELAND'S COURSE

As Viewed by the New York World—His Civil Service Notions Commended.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—The *World* says: "Pres. Cleveland should not, and judging by his firmness in the past, will not, give up one inch of the ground actually gained in advancing the cause of Civil Service reform. The men he is grappling with—the office-seeking and government merely of office-filling are saying that the Democratic losses in the elections (they make no accounts of the gains) are due to the President's adherence to the Civil Service reform system. And they renew their appeal to him to abandon it.

"The allegation upon which this appeal is based is not true. So far as the reform law is concerned, the people, aside from the office-brokers, are well satisfied with it. It embodies pretty much the very principle with which the President has succeeded in clearly identifying himself, and he would be very foolish to abandon it, as we are glad to believe he has no intention of doing. But the trouble is that Pres. Cleveland has made removals, and continued men in office equally without good cause. He has pursued the plain path in one state, and quite abother in other states. He has selec'ed men for important offices at home and abroad, not because they were representative Democrats, or had shown any special fitness for the positions, but because in some one or some other happened to fancy them. Certain features of his policy have repeated the personal government of Pres. Grant's first term, without the latter's amiable excuse of 'taking care of his friends.' Pres. Cleveland has yielded to his fancies what Grant gave to his friends.

"And yet the disaffection of the office-seekers and the disappointment of the rank and file of the predominance of the Mugwump influence and the queer personalism of the administration would all have been wiped out and would have counted for nothing, if, as we have said, the President had met the expectations of the people in the general results of the change, and had shown a generous sympathy with the aims of his party, and a purpose to give effect to his ideas. * * * * It is because of what has not been done, rather than of what has been done, that the disappointment came which led to Democratic apathy and abstention from voting.

"The Democrats are still all right and as much as ever. All that is needed is a a leader to arouse their enthusiasm and stir their zeal. Is it too late for the President to improve his great opportunity?"

Bostonians Allowed to Shake Hands With Pres. Cleveland.

BOSTON, Nov. 9.—Faneuil hall was packed with people to participate in the reception tendered to Pres. Cleveland by the people of Boston. At 5.55 p. m. Mayor O'Brien and the President appeared on the platform. Mr. Cleveland's appearance was signal for outburst of applause. With the President were Gov. Robinson and members of his staff, Collector Saltonstall, Secs. Bayard, Lamar, private sec Lamont, Lieut. Gov. Ames and Lieut. Gov. elect Brackett. Only a few invited guests were then allowed to file across the stage. For an hour people were given an opportunity to shake hands with him. When the doors were finally closed, there were almost as many more people waiting for their chance. The President then proceeded to the Hotel Vendome.

Panic in an Art Gallery.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 6.—A narrow escape from a horrible conflagration occurred in the old art gallery last evening, where a large company of amateurs was engaged in the presentation of tableaux vivants. There were about 300 spectators, composed of the elite of Buffalo society. Just as a young daughter of Dr. Brown, rector of St. Paul's cathedral, was posing to represent Hemler's picture, "Orpheline," the calcium light broke and a piece at white heat dropped to the carpet on the stage near the curtain. In a moment the whole front of the stage was ablaze, but with presence of mind the curtain was torn down and the fire stamped out, though not till Dr. Brown's face and eyebrows were badly singed and one lady's hands severly burned. The audience began a precipitate rush for the door, but the room not being very full, the people were recalled before any one was injured, and the play proceeded with.

Harvard College.

BOSTON, Nov., 5.—The celebration in commemoration of the foundation of Harvard college, began at noon to-day. The day's exercises were confined to the meeting of Harvard school. A business session was held at 12 o'clock. At its conclusion a procession of members of the association and invited guests marched to Sanders' theatre where Oliver Wendell Holmes, jr., delivered a masterly oration.

After the literary exercises the procession reformed and marched to the gymnasium, where a banquet was spread. To-morrow is set apart for undergraduates. There will be a scratch race, literary exercises, a game of foot-ball between Havard and Wesleyan, a torchlight procession, and fireworks.

McCabe Declared Insane.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—When the case of McCabe, the boodle alderman, was called yesterday, physicians testified that he was undoubtedly insane, and the jury brought in a verdict to that effect.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

His Trip to England, and the Great Change that Has Taken Place Since 1863.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher yesterday submitted himself to the interviewer for the first time since his return from Europe.

Referring to his last visit to England, 23 years ago, he said: "The contrast between the attitude of England then and now to-ward America was striking. Then English sentiment was against the United States. The large factory population of Lancashire, although suffering from famine for want of our cotton, sympathized with us in our struggle, but the influential people of Great Britain not only were opposed to the sentiment of the North, but to a very great extent supported the South.

"That has now been so changed that it may be said that there has been a complete revolution in the thought of the people in that respect. I think that this has been largely brought about by the increase of travel between the two countries, enabling us to get better acquainted with each other. Then, also, the immense tide of immigration to the United States has bound the population of the two countries together by the tenderest ties. Any allusion in my public addresses to the ties of kindred between the two nations, to the bond of respect and affection that bound us together as one people, never failed to excite the loudest and most enthusiastic applause."

"As to the political and social condition of the English people, Mr. Beecher?"

"The answer to that is found in what is at the foundation of all material prosperity—namely, the land. In the relation of the people to the land, great and fundamental changes are going on that are affecting their social condition from the top to the bottom, and which will also affect their political condition. For example, land owners who formerly would obtain from £7 to £8 per acre for the rent of their land, are glad to let it go for 30 shillings, and some times can not get that. The consequence is that the owners of the land, instead of renting it to farmers, to middlemen, or their stewards, are farming the lands under their own direction, and are selling the produce direct, either to the retail dealer or to the consumer. Facts of this character have forced upon the public mind questions in relation to land tenure to the law of entail and primogeniture, that hitherto had aided in the intrenchment of a landed and privileged class, accustomed to separate itself, to a very great degree, socially, from the bulk of the people. Then I noticed that there is a growing discontent in regard to the public schools, or board schools as they are called in England. It is true that these schools give a free education, but it is doled out more or less as a charity. This is partly owing to the position of the Established church, which has interfered considerably with the development of a public school system like that we are familiar with here. There is a disposition on the part of the English people to put the education of their children on the same footing as we have it—that is, that it shall be a right, and not a charity."

"A few words about Ireland, Mr. Beecher?"

"My convictions as to what Ireland ought to have are not changed in any essential respect by my visit. While I was there I heard a great deal about Ireland, and I visited some portions of the country. Ireland will obtain home rule, and she ought to have it. I mean by that, a government that shall resemble that of our own state government. I do not think that she ought to be separated from the mother country. Any dismemberment of Ireland from her relation to the Imperial government, I would resist with as much fervor and determination as I resisted the secession of South Carolina.

"I think, however, that this principle of local government will be just as eagerly sought by the English, Scotch and the Welch people as it has been by the Irish, and while the Irishmen may get it first, the other portions of the family of Great Britain will not be without the same privileges very long. The British people expect to obtain very soon manhood suffrage, and this, with the disestablishment of the Church of England, will bring about great social and political changes. I think the disestablishment of the church is in the near future, and while I regard the Church of England as the most aggressive and the most zealous of all the denominations of the religious sects in Ireland, I think that she would be greatly strengthened for good by this separation.

"Every agency that can possibly elevate the people in their moral and religious relations ought to have free course. While I looked at the population of London, and caught a glimpse now and then of its lower strata, I was lost in such amazement that I was almost dazed. There is a large population there of which we have no type here—men whose fathers and mothers were evidently starved, and whose children have grown up stunted, and whose lives are of the most tentative kind, whose existence is not only a struggle, but a perpetual fight with famine. I was, therefore, not surprised to hear a lady say, who sat next me, when I breakfasted with the Dean of Westminster, and his wife, Mr. Beecher, we ought to send to teach, in some of our mission churches and schools, anything like the higher principles of religion. All that we can do with a great number of those who attend is to teach them what cleanliness and honesty is.' Now, we have no such population as that here, for the country is doing great good, I believe, among that lower strata of the population in England."

WEST INDIAN SUGAR GROWERS

Want a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States.

PANAMA, Oct. 31.—Advices from Jamaica says: The decay of this colony, which was once called "the brightest jewel in the British crown," may be gathered from the following figures which show how the great staple of the country (sugar) has declined in cultivation during the periods named. The number of estates were: In 1832, 670; 1847, 513; 216 in 1879 and 189 in 1884. In reference to this decline and the general impression prevailing, the Hon. Michael Solomon, a prominent member of the legislative council and a large landed proprietor, proposed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the legislative council of Jamaica assured that the continuation of the bounties given by foreign governments to producers of beet root sugar, must before long prove ruinous to the cane sugar industry of the West Indies and of a very large number of the inhabitants of this island, this council trusts His Excellency the governor, will in view of the proposed conference on the bounty question, during these days at the colonial office Majesty's government and solicit that if such bounties are not shortly discontinued this island be permitted to make arrangements with the United States of North America, or with the sister colony of Canada, on the basis of reciprocity, in order that our sugar products may be seriously affected by the bounty system in the English market, may find a favorable outlet nearer home.

The resolution was carried unanimously, but His Excellency, the governor, president of the council, remarked that there was very little chance of its having any practical effect.

BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT.

The Condemned Chicago Anarchists to Have Another Chance for their Lives.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—Charles F. Burgman, secretary of the "California Defence Fund Association," on October 29, addressed a letter, on behalf of that association to the Hon. James A. Whitney, of this city, asking him to use his best endeavors to bring the case of the condemned Chicago anarchists before the Supreme United States Court, and to assist in their defense in whatever monner possible. Mr. Whitney has agreed to act as counsel.

In an interview, Mr. Whitney said he regarded the matter purely from a legal standpoint. He expressed no personal opinion of the circumstances from which the lamentable affair arose. Every trial occurring under conditions of popular excitement, he said, is liable to be unconsciously influenced. What are sometimes called the technicalities of the law are frequently the only protection of substantial rights, and if there has been any error of law or fact in the trial of these men, abundant opportunity for its rectification should be afforded.

WANTS CARLISLE'S SEAT.

A Contest Promised by the Defeated Candidate.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 8.—George Thobe, candidate against Speaker Carlisle for Congress in the Sixth Kentucky district, announces his intention to contest the election of Mr. Carlisle. He claims that after the contest became very close the returns in the back counties were "doctored"; also that his representatives sent to watch the official count were given no consideration whatever, and in one instance were threatened with bodily injury.

CARLISLE GOING TO KANSAS.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 8.—The *Times-Star* this afternoon says that Speaker Carlisle, who is now with Mrs. Carlisle, visiting their sons in Western Kansas, will after the end of the term of Congress to which he has just been elected, remove from the state of Kentucky altogether, and probably make his home at Wichita.

THEY DIED LIKE SOLDIERS.

An Eye Witness Gives a Thrilling Account of the Execution of Four Officers Who Led the Honduras Expedition.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 9.—The *Times-Democrat* publishes an account by an eye witness of the execution on October 18 of Gen. E. Del Gado, Lieut. Col. Indalcio Garci, Commander Miguel Cortez and Lieut. Galoyan, who were shot at Comayagua for leading an expedition against Honduras. The four officers above named were lodged in a small prison at Comayagua. When the news of their sentence reached them Gen. Del Gado's wife there to plead with a wife's tears and woman's devotion for her husband's life.

It was the desire of Pres. Bogram to spare Gen. Del Glado's life if possible, and any excuse would have been readily seized upon to give him an opportunity of saving himself and at the same time vindicating the tribunal which had condemned him. The President sent a messenger to him to say that if he would promise to never again to take up arms against Honduras he should receive a pardon.

The soldier was too brave to accept even his life on these terms, and he sent back word that he would see Honduras in an even more tropical climate than she now enjoys before he would accept his pardon on such a pledge. When his answer was received there was nothing left but to prepare for the execution. In the countries south of this there are few preliminaries to such not uncommon events. A priest, a firing squad and a coffin are soon obtained.

On the morning of their execution the men were taken to a point near the church of Comayagua, four coffins were placed near the wall and the four condemned men were led to them. They accepted their positions as easily and gracefully as if they were in the boxes at the opera and not a face was blanched, not a nerve quivered. Gen. Del Gado asked and received permission to order the guard to fire, which he did, first requesting them not to shoot him in the face but in the breast. There was no rattle, no scattering reports, but one sharp, stunning report. The four men for half a second remained in an upright position, as if still unhurt, and then rolled over, limp and bloody, dead. The soldiers had complied with Gen. Del Gado's request, for three balls had penetrated his breast.

THE TILDEN WILL.

Grounds on Which the Contest is to be Made—An Important Test Case—Value of the Estate $15,000,000.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—An appearance was entered yesterday by Carter & Ledyard, the lawyers for the executors under the Tilden will, and the first step was taken in what will probably be a long contest as to its provisions.

Mr. Delos McCurdy has the case of the contestants in charge. The question that would be submitted to the courts, he said, was one entirely of a legal character. There was no contention on the part of any of the contestants that Mr. Tilden, when he drew his will, was of unsound mind or indisposed in any legal way from making a disposition of his property. The will had been admitted to probate with all the necessary legal concurrence of all the legatees.

It was desired by the legatees under this will that the courts should construe that part of it which bequeathed an immense fund to the executors, to be known as the Tilden trust. The allegation on the part of the contestants was that this plenary provision cculd be set aside on the ground—speaking in general terms—that while a testator may make specific bequests in a direction that may suit him, he cannot vest in executors such discretionary powers as can be exercised properly only by himself. That, Mr. McCurdy said, would be found to be the ground of the coming contest. Should the view of the contestants be sustained, then the money bequeathed in the manner described could not be used by the trustees and must be paid over to the heirs.

It was ascertained by the reporter from other sources that the amount involved in this contest had been very much understated and that instead of being $5,000,000, it is more likely to be $15,000,000.

Public interest in this contest will be greatly excited, inasmuch as it will, in all probability, affect the disposition of large properties under the Lenox and the Stewart wills because it will establish a precedent for a contest by the heirs should the court take the view that the Tilden legatees have taken.

PLEURO PNEUMONIA

Playing Havoc With the Cattle of Indiana and Illinois—Steps Taken to Prevent Its Spread.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 9.—Gentlemen from Jasper and Clinton counties are in the city with a view of securing active measures to prevent the spread of pleuro pheumonia, which has developed to an alarming extent within the last few days. They allege that in their vicinity more than a thousand cattle are afflicted with the malady which is incurable, and which is spreading rapidly, according to their tale. Dr. Mavin, the state veterinarian, has already ordered a number killed.

Two hundred spring calves shipped from Northern Ohio about three weeks ago were brought to Clinton county and 100 were sold and sent to Illinois. Pleuro-pneumonia broke out among them, and two having been killed showed the disease unmistakably. The state board of health will consider what can be done. There is no law regulating action in such a case. Pleuro-pneumonia experts have also been ordered to Jasper county to investigate the disease.

The Telegraph Operator and the Pennsylvania Ghost.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 4.—Peter Kenney, employed as telegraph operator at Ingram station, on the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis railroad, had an adventure at an early hour this morning that he will not soon forget. He was engaged at his instrument when he heard a noise as of some one trying to open the door, but thought nothing of it, not even looking up from his work until startled by a touch on his coat-sleeve. He turned partly around, and to his horror saw a tall guant figure, dressed in white with a long knife in its hand standing directly over him. He cleared the slight railing surrounding his desk at a single bound, but the stranger was between him and the door, and he began pleading for his life. The spector made no move to follow him except to prevent his escape by the door. As the ghostly creature made no advance the operator in a measure recovered his self-possession, and stood on the defensive in the farthest corner of the room. The apparation then seated itself in Kenney's chair before the instruments, keeping a close watch on the movements of the operator. They maintained the same relative positions for nearly an hour, during the time trains on the railroad approaching that point were brought to a standstill. The crews of two trains had been stopped for the signal to go ahead. The crews of the first train finally walked up the track to the telegraph office to find out the cause of the delay, when they discovered the operator's predicament, and subdued his captor after a desperate struggle. It was subsequently learned that the strange visitor resided at Sheridan Station, nearly a mile away, and had escaped from his home about midnight.

A Queer Story.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—A Philadelphia special says: A. E. Story, of No. 230 North Tenth street, has in his possession 200 or 300 pages of manuscript, written by his father, which he intends to publish in order to establish the claim of Henry Clarke Rogers, that he was a natural son of Gen. George Washington. Mr. Story states that the manuscript will never be given to the public.

Rogers lived in this city, and died in 1865. His photograph shows that he bore a marked resemblance to Gen. Washington. He had an abundance of money, and maintained that he was born and educated in England, and had an income from the Washington estate.

Important Land Decision.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—In the case of John W. Bailey et al. from Walla Walla land district, W. T., involving the status of certain lands selected by the commissioners of Walla Walla county as indemnity for school lands lost through deficiencies caused by fractional school sections, the secretary of the interior has decided that the act of February 26, 1859, authorized such selections and their subsequent approval by the department, and that consequently said lands were not thereafter subject to entry as part of the public domain.

Theodore T. Gurney, ex-comptroller of the city of Chicago, died there this morning. Mr. Gurney was born in Ogdensburg, New York.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

London Papers on George's Vote.

LONDON, Nov. 4.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, speaking of the mayoralty contest in New York, says: "The vote for Henry George is by far the most important political event of the day. It is a message of hope from the new world to the old—an unexpected light bursting forth in a dark heaven. Henry George is a visionary, an idealist, and utterly impracticable; but were he as mad as a March hare, all the same the votes for him mean a protest against the rule of mammon, and will give an impetuous to the discussion of the question of the condition of the people throughout the world."

The *St. James Gazette* says of the vote for George: "It is a significant and unpleasant fact that in the great American city of New York such a large proportion of the working men are prepared to vote for the gospel of confiscation. The election should cause all respectable Americans to forget the trump cry of party fights and political indifferentism, and face the new danger that is threatening the commonwealth."

This May Put a Stop to Going to Canada.

OTTAWA, Oct. 5.—Failing to get hold of Stewart, who recently embezzled $2,000 from the Western Union telegraph company at Wichita, Kas., and fled to Canada, the company has commenced suit against him in the Winnepeg courts under the Dominion statute, which provides that any one bringing any stolen property, or property obtained by fraud, into Canada, shall be subject to the same punishment as if the stealing had taken place in Canada. The prosecution will be required to prove that he had in his possession the whole or part of the money actually stolen. The result of the case, if Stewart is convicted, may lead to several other prosecutions under the same statute, in which extradition has failed.

The Bulgarian Disturbance.

BUDA-PESTH, Nov. 6.—Emperor Francis Joseph addressed the delegations to-day. He delared that Austria, in unison with the other powers, was endeavoring to localize the Bulgarian disturbances and to find a way to re-establish law and order in Bulgaria. He said he hoped the legal constitution of the Bulgarians would soon be restored, with all allowance for the lawful aspirations of the Bulgarians as was consistent with Austria's interests.

Foreign Flashes.

Pasteur informed the Academy of Sciences that he treated during the past year 2,490 persons who had been bitten by animals, and only ten died.

The town of Minhla, India, has been attacked and burned by 900 rebels under Boshway. The loss of property is large.

It is reported that the glass workers and other employes at Charleroi and Jumet have again struck work, and extensive military precautions against a recurrence of the rioting attending previous strikes in these places are being taken.

Cholera has broken out among the soldiers stationed at Milan, and a rigid quarantine against the garrison is being enforced.

ANOTHER MEXICAN OUTRAGE.

A Wealthy Rancheman Killed by Mexicans.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 9.—A special from San Antonio, Tex., says: Hewlitt Griner, one of the most extensive ranchemen in Western Texas, was killed last night at Los Vecos, Mex., just across the river from Del Rio, Tex. Griner lived with his family at Mualdo, and had gone over into Mexico with several employes to see about the condition of his stock on a ranche he owns there. Some time ago he had a difficulty with some Mexicans living adjoining to his haciuda, and the natives at that time threatened to kill him if he again appeared in their midst.

Yesterday the Americans were attacked by the Mexicans, and a pitched battle ensued. Griner's body was riddled with bullets, and one of his men, John Weaver, who also killed B. P. McMahon, who was one of the Griner party, succeeded in killing one of the Mexicans, and the surviving Americans made their escape to this side of the river under a volley of bullets from the Winchesters of the Mexicans. The Americans along the border are greatly incensed at this latest outrage, and declare they will have vengeance.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Mrs. Ella Newell, aged 23, wife of a Decatur (Ill.) grocer, committed suicide by arsenic Thursday. She had been married but a year.

A new transatlantic line between Newport News, Va., and Liverpool, has been established, and steamers will begin running about Dec. 1.

Another Pinkerton employe, named E. M. Lance, has been arrested in Chicago, charged with complicity in the murder of Terence Bigeley, who was fatally shot after the close of the recent stock yards strike.

The business portion of Chelsea, Ill., was almost completely destroyed by fire Thursday. The losses aggregate $25,000, with light insurance. A heavy gale was blowing at the time, and it was impossible to control the fire.

In the "Dark Corner" neighborhood, near Columbus, Ind., some fiend incarnate went to the stable of Samuel Benmen and drew out the tongue of one of his valuable horses as far as it would come and then cut it off, leaving the poor animal to die of exhaustion.

At Pittsburg, while saying mass yesterday morning, Rev. Fr Klowter, pastor of St. Phipomena's Catholic church, was assaulted in the pulpit by an insane Bohemian, Manna Keestratom, by whom he was knocked down and kicked, but not seriously injured.

Articles of agreement for a dash of 125 yards have been signed by George H. Smith, of Pittsburg, and Harry M. Johnson, the champion runner of America, also of Pittsburg. The race will take place at the Exposition Driving park, Pittsburg on the afternoon of December 6.

An uproar exists at LaCrosse, Wis., on account of the enforcement of the Sunday laws. Saloons have been compelled to close, telegraph and telephone companies required to suspend operations, milk and bakers' wagons stopped, mill repairs necessary to permit saws to move on Monday are not allowed. Even paid choir singers in churches must stand risk of prosecution.

The Minneapolis *Northwestern Miller* says: The flour output touched high figures last week, being the largest of any single week for the year, 157,270 barrels, averaging 25,211 barrels daily, against 90,500 barrels the preceding week, and 162,656 barrels the corresponding time in 1885. The same number of mills, 19, are in operation this week, and the product promises to reach as high a point as last week. The daily output is fully 26,000 barrels. Another 15,000 barrel mill will be added to the active list the last of next week. The flour market is less active than ten days ago, though many of the mills are disposing of the current output at slightly reduced prices.

To Protect His Wife.

DAYTON, Nov. 9.—Dennis Shaw,